BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

OF THE

BAILEY - MYERS - MASON FAMILIES

1776 to 1905

KEY TO A
CABINET OF HEIRLOOMS
IN THE
NATIONAL MUSEUM
WASHINGTON

PRIVATELY
PRINTED
1908

CS71
M122
1908

COPYRIGHT, 1908
BY MRS. JULIAN-JAMES

Aug 6, 1908
213702

CONTENTS

FOREWORD 7

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MAJOR M. MYERS, 1776-1870 9

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BAILEY, WIFE OF MAJOR MYERS 17

RECORD OF CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN OF CHARLOTTE BAILEY AND MAJOR MYERS 22

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS, 1821-1899 . . 23

CATALINA JULIANA MASON, AFTERWARD MRS. THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS, 1824-1905 37

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS MASON, LIEUTENANT COMMANDER UNITED STATES NAVY, 1849-1899 . . 59

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF CASSIE MASON MYERS JULIAN-JAMES . 75

JULIAN-JAMES, 1844-1870 107

REAR-ADMIRAL THEODORUS BAILEY 124

CATALOGUE TO THE CABINET OF HEIRLOOMS AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON 129

THE MYERS-MASON COLLECTION 131

MAJOR M. MYERS 133

THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS 133

MRS. THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS 134

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS MASON . . 136

CASSIE MASON MYERS JULIAN-JAMES 137

JULIAN JAMES 138

SIDNEY MASON 139

MRS. SIDNEY MASON, 1ST 140

ALFONSO SIDNEY MASON 140

DON JOSÉ DORADO AND HIS WIFE 141

MRS. SIDNEY MASON, 2D 141

THEODORUS BAILEY, UNITED STATES SENATOR 142

THEODORUS BAILEY, REAR-ADMIRAL, UNITED STATES NAVY . . . 142

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS

Cabinet in the National Museum at Washington—Myers-Mason Collection . . . . . *Frontispiece*

The Ford, Rock Creek Park, Washington 7

Major Myers 8

Major Myers 16

Myers Monument, Vale Cemetery, Schenectady, New York . 16

Home at Kinderhook, New York 16

Charlotte Bailey—Mrs. Myers 16

Judge William Bailey 18

Bailey Home, Plattsburgh, New York 20

Colonel Theodorus Bailey Myers 22

Library of Theodorus Bailey Myers, 4 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York 28

Elm Spring, Westchester County, New York 30

Mr. Myer's Bedroom, 4 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York 32

Catalina Juliana Mason—Mrs. Theodorus Bailey Myers . . 36

Theodorus Bailey Myers 40

Mrs. Sidney Mason 44

Living Room, 4 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York . . . 46

Drawing-room, 4 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York . . . 48

Sitting-room of Mrs. Julian-James, 4 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York 48

Drawing Room, 1602 Twentieth Street, Washington 50

Mrs. Theodorus Myers and Her Little Dog "Yoko" 52

Hall, 1602 Twentieth Street, Washington 52

Mrs. Myers' Bed Room, 4 West Thirty-fourth Street, New York 54

Tea Room, 1602 Twentieth Street, Washington 58

1602 and 1606 Twentieth Street, Washington 58

Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason, Lieutenant Commander, United States Navy 58

Mrs. Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason 68

The Anchorage, Saugerties-on-Hudson, Summer Home of Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. Mason 72

Bookplate of the Collection of Theodorus Bailey Myers in the New York Public Library, Astor, Lennox and Tilden Foundations 74
Mrs. Myers — Mrs. Julian-James — Mrs. Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason 74
Mrs. Julian-James 74
Theodore and Cassie 76
Julian James 106
Mrs. Julian-James 108
Mr. and Mrs. Julian-James, Cragside, Cold Spring-on-Hudson 112
Sidney Mason 112
John Mason 112
Marequita Benito Dorado—Mrs. Sidney Mason 114
Sidney Alfonso Mason 114
Don José Dorado 116
Catherine Gartz Robb—Mrs. Sidney Mason 116
Home of Sidney Mason, 130 Fifth Avenue, New York 118
The Sleighing Party—Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Mason, Mr. and Mrs. Theodorus Bailey Myers and Theodore 120
Theodorus Bailey 122
Rear-Admiral Theodorus Bailey 124
Facsimile of Letter from Henry Yates Satterlee, First Bishop of Washington, to Mrs. Julian-James 128
"The Cathedral Close—Peace Cross and Sundial"—Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul 128

DURING many delightful drives together in Rock Creek Park, Washington, when my cousin Kate (Mrs. Robert Trail Spence Lowell) was visiting me, we had such keen enjoyment in putting into permanent form the pleasant incidents contained in the following sketches.

We are indebted for valuable assistance to our Aunt, Mrs. Thomas Reed Jackson, and her daughter Frances; to my sister-in-law, Edmonia Phelps Mason McClurg, to Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Mimmack and their daughter Katharine, to the late John Mason, to Helen Mason and to all other Cousins, to whom this book is affectionately dedicated.

CASSIE MASON MYERS JULIAN-JAMES

VILLA PAX
1602 Twentieth Street Northwest
WASHINGTON
1908.

THESE SKETCHES, DESCRIBING THE OWNERS OF THE HEIR-LOOMS IN THE CABINET, WERE WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE LATE PAUL BECKWITH CURATOR OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C. WHOSE EFFORTS WERE INSTRUMENTAL IN ORGANIZING THE MUSEUM'S VALUABLE COLLECTION

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

MAJOR M. MYERS

1776--1870

MAJOR M. MYERS was born at Newport, Rhode Island, on May 1st, 1776, two months before the Declaration of Independence. His father was a man of fine education, speaking and writing most of the living languages. He was a friend of the Rev. Dr. Ezra Styles, afterward President of Yale College. In 1777 he died, leaving a widow and several children. Thus early left fatherless, the subject of this sketch soon showed evidence of possessing marked character and ability. In early manhood his life was passed in successful business pursuits in New York and Richmond, Virginia, where he formed friendships with the distinguished men of his day—Aaron Burr, De Witt Clinton, Alexander Hamilton, Brockholst Livingston, General Morgan Lewis and others.

He witnessed a memorable event in our history on April 30, 1789, when, a boy of thirteen, he stood in the dense crowd before the old City Hall on Wall Street, New York. In the words of one of his letters he says: "I recollect seeing Chancellor

Livingston administer the oath of office to General Washington on a Bible which is still in a state of good preservation and in the possession of St. John's Masonic Lodge, No. 1, New York, where it is held as a relic of times past."

Mr. Myers was an eloquent and magnetic speaker, and in both early and mature life he was often called upon to address public meetings.

But his tastes inclined him to a military life, for which his force of character, strong will and charming personality well fitted him.

The West Point Military Academy was not then in existence, but at the suggestion of his friend, Governor D. D. Tompkins, Mr. Myers studied military tactics with Colonel de la Croix, a French officer who had served under Napoleon. Mr. Myers had also six years practical experience in serving in the New York Militia. In the regiment of Colonel Van Buren he attained the rank of Senior Captain and of Acting Major. It is said that he drilled his men so thoroughly that, much to his annoyance, they were continually taken from him and placed in other companies and raw recruits substituted.

In 1812 the storm of war was gathering and Mr. Myers accepted a Captain's commission in the regular army and was assigned to the 13th Regiment of United States Infantry, commanded by Colonel Peter P. Schuyler. In one of his letters to his son Major Myers writes, "I buckled on my sword to

advance to my station at Charlotte, on Lake Champlain, to begin duty as one of the defenders of my country."

This sword may now be seen in the National Museum, Washington, D. C., and on its broad leather belt are traces of blood from a wound which nearly cost him his life. In after years, this sword always hung over his bed, and his daughter, Kate, who lived with him until his death, relates how one night a false alarm of burglars aroused the old gentleman, who appeared at his door, his sword over his shoulder, his red silk night cap on his head, his dark eyes blazing—a formidable figure.

In the Museum is also a mahogany, brass-bound writing desk, carried throughout the war, the gift of his wife's uncle, Theodorus Bailey, who was United States Senator in 1803, and Postmaster of New York for twenty-five years.

A detailed account of the stirring personal experiences which followed are contained in a series of letters written in his declining years at his son's request. They are preserved in pamphlet form under the title of "Reminiscences, 1812-1814, by Major M. Myers, 13th Infantry, United States Army," and are to be found in the Congressional Library, Washington, D. C.; the Boston Public Library, and in the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundation. In the latter they are contained in the valuable collection of Americana made by Major

Myers' son, Colonel Theodorus Bailey Myers, of New York, and presented to the New York Public Library by Colonel Myers' widow, daughter and daughter-in-law, in memory of him and of his son, Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason, Lieutenant Commander, United States Navy.

At the successful engagement with the British at Crysler's Field, on the Niagara Frontier, Major Myers was so severely wounded that his life was despaired of. Thirty splinters were removed from his shoulder, and he was carried to Plattsburgh on a horse led by his faithful servant, William Williams, who had been searching for his master among the dead. He was taken to the house of Dr. Mann, where he remained for four months, and where he met a charming young girl, Miss Charlotte Bailey, who soon after became his wife. She was a daughter of Judge William Bailey, of Plattsburgh, and sister of Theodorus Bailey, afterward Rear Admiral in the United States Navy, and distinguished in the Civil War.

At the close of the War of 1812 the Army was reduced to a Peace Establishment, and all those who had been wounded or disabled were honorably discharged, "reversing," as says one of Major Myers' letters, "common sense and common justice," for those who had been wounded or disabled "should have been retained to form skeleton regiments which could at any time be filled with recruits."

After a few years devoted to successful commercial pursuits, Major Myers was elected a member of the New York State assembly in 1828, to which he was five times re-elected.

While a member of the New York Legislature Mr. Myers won the lasting gratitude of the Quakers of his State; for through his efforts was secured to them the right to decline all military service, which had hitherto been compulsory for all citizens regardless of their religious convictions.

A diagram of the House of Representatives, 1832, shows Mr. Myers' seat in the front row first at the left of the middle aisle, directly in front of the Speaker of the House, and his name is entered as Chairman of the "Committee on Militia and the Public Defense."

He bought Judge Vanderpoel's fine country place at Kinderhook, about twenty miles south of Albany, and removed with his family to that village, which was also the home of Martin Van Buren. Mr. Myers was elected President of the village, and in that capacity it was his pleasant duty to receive and address Martin Van Buren on his return at the end of his term as President of the United States.

Mr. Myers was a very eminent and enthusiastic Freemason, and even in his latter years he came regularly to New York to attend the annual meetings of the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons of the State of New York.

He was initiated as a Master Mason in Phœnix Lodge, May, 1795, and he was one of the Charter members of Washington Lodge, No. 21. It is in recognition of this fact that his grandson, William Myers Hoes, of New York, has been elected an honorary member of Washington Lodge, · No. 21. Mr. Hoes is a brother of Pierre Van Buren Hoes, the author of many charming biographical sketches.

The following interesting information is contained in a letter dated July 29, 1907, written by one of Major Myers' sons-in-law, also an eminent Mason, Edgar M. Jenkins, of Schenectady, New York, who married his daughter, Frances.

He says: "In 1849 there was a split in the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, a few lodges seceding and forming another Grand Lodge, of which your grandfather was Grand Master in 1852-3-4-5 and 6. In 1858 the breach was healed and by the terms of reunion the Grand officers of the seceding Grand Lodge were entitled to hold their rank and titles—so that he was Past Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York."

After the death of his wife, in 1848, Major Myers removed with his family to Schenectady, New York, of which city he was soon after elected Mayor.

His daughter, Kate, remained with him until his death, in 1870, in the ninety-fifth year of his age.

Major Myers was universally respected and admired by those who came in contact with him during his

long life, covering nearly all of the first century of our Republic.

Strangers were at once impressed by the dignity and charm of his old-time manners and conversation; and those who knew him well, and with whom he was associated in business, testified to his absolute integrity, his unflinching courage in the face of difficulties, from which his long life was not exempt, and to his kindness of heart. A story of distress never failed to awaken his sympathy. His son, Sydney, when a fun-loving boy, dressed himself in his sister's clothes, with bonnet and veil, and came to his father with a tale of woe. As tears were moistening the old gentleman's eyes, and his hand was moving toward his pocket, he suddenly exclaimed, "You rascal!" and marched with dignity out of the room.

Major Myers enjoyed society both at home and at Richfield Springs, to which resort he went with his daughters in summer. One of them recalls the fact that often in a roomful of people, other talk gradually ceased, every one choosing to listen to her father, whose low cultivated voice, fine eyes and expressive features added charm to his interesting conversation.

The following words were written by him in 1854, in his seventy-ninth year: "I have had my full share of misfortunes and prosperity, sorrows and joys, but have never suffered misfortune to dampen

my energies, nor prosperity to elate me unreasonably ; but have always submitted to all changes as the will of kind Providence operating for my good, here and hereafter, as I consider a general run of prosperity, unalloyed by misfortune, tends to lessen our dependence on the protection of Divine Providence, and leading us to believe that all results from our own wisdom, calculation and exertions, which I consider erroneous, believing that all results from the Great Architect, the universal Parent and Protector of all Mankind."

A Grand Old Man, whose inspiring example should not perish with the lives of the few who now remember him. Early in life he adopted as his motto, "Do right and fear not."

Major Myers is buried in the beautiful family plot in Vale Cemetery, Schenectady, New York, and his tomb bears the names of his wife and ten children. The monument was designed by his son-in-law, Thomas Reed Jackson, an eminent architect of New York, husband of his daughter, Charlotte.

There exist two portraits of Major Myers. A miniature painted on ivory, by Tisdale, in 1799. Age, 22 years.

Portrait painted in oil, by Jarvis, January, 1810. Captain of Infantry, Acting Major, United States Army. Age, 33 years.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

CHARLOTTE BAILEY

WIFE OF MAJOR MYERS

Born in Plattsburgh, New York, October 12, 1796
Married in Plattsburgh, January 24, 1814
Died in New York City, February 15, 1848

CHARLOTTE was the daughter of Judge William Bailey and his wife Hannah Hagerman, both of Poughkeepsie, New York. Her father was a son of Colonel John Bailey of Dutchess County, New York. When a young man he engaged in business in New York City. He first visited Lake Champlain in 1786. He was one of the Associate Justices of the Clinton Common Pleas in 1789 and was appointed first Judge of the County, in 1806, and elected a member of the Assembly in 1803 and again in 1806. By his first wife, Hannah Hagerman, he had two daughters, Catherine, who married Major John Walworth; and Charlotte, who married Captain Myers, both officers of the famous 13th Infantry and who fought in the Battles of 1812-1814. By his second wife, Phoebe, daughter of Captain Nathaniel Platt, he had a large family. He bought a wide extent of land at Chateaugay, then a part of Clinton County, supposed to be rich in ore, water

power and other attractions, and in 1800 took up his residence there, a veritable life in the wilderness. In 1811 he removed with his growing family to Plattsburgh, where he bought a fine estate which remained in the family until recent years. The present occupants think the Bailey family a very numerous one, so many of its members journey to see their ancestral home—a stone colonial house with an avenue of fine trees and extensive grounds. Charlotte's earliest recollections must have centered about Chateaugay and the region where Lake Champlain stretches its widest across to Vermont, the Green Mountains, and the Adirondacks bound the view; a land lovely in nature's most gracious charms and replete with memories of the Indians and the early French settlers. As she grew older she pursued her studies in Montreal. Like all the Bailey family Charlotte was distinguished by refinement of feeling and manners and tender affection for her kindred; of slender build and medium height, she had soft brown hair, delicate features and remarkably fine eyes; modest and dainty, kindly and good, she returned from school in the bud of young womanhood to find Plattsburgh astir with war preparations, gay with uniforms, the sound of the bugle, the fife and the drum. The relatives said, "It will never do to have that young girl remain in Plattsburgh with all these officers about, she must be sent into the country." So she set off to visit at the house of her kinsman, Doctor Mann, where it so happened that a

wounded officer was being cared for, Captain Myers; severely wounded at Crysler's Field, in his shoulder from which thirty splinters were taken, he barely recovered after four months. He was considered a fascinating man; at any rate he proved superior to the united forces at Plattsburg and after a romantic courtship their marriage followed, on January 24th, 1814, in the beautiful old homestead, where a year later their first child, a daughter, was born. By inheritance the possessor of a fine mind and a lovely personality, trained to self-reliance and fortitude, Charlotte early developed a truly lovable character; married before she was eighteen to a man twenty years her senior, she became the mother of ten children—five daughters and five sons. Her life must have been a busy one; her home was certainly a happy one, where her many kindred loved to gather. Her oldest daughter remembered her at the age of twenty-four in a pearl colored satin dress, low neck with short puffed sleeves and the waist only a finger deep, and in dainty little muslin inset with tucks and lace insertions, which were long preserved in the family.

Her trinkets of topaz and pearl; her beautiful watch, chain and seals, and her necklace of fine wrought gold and enamel are treasured by her granddaughter Frances. At the close of the war in which he honorably served, Major Myers returned to private life in New York City, where seven of their children were born. Letters written to him by his wife

during his absences in Albany, attending the sitting of the Legislature, to which he was six times elected a member, give glimpses of her home life; they always say "the children and servants are behaving well," showing she knew how to manage both. Her house was beautifully furnished, for those days, with old fashioned mahogany, fine old bureaus and glasses, carved high post bedsteads with valance and looped curtains, wardrobes with trays drawing out for dresses, quaint sofas and spindle legged card tables, claw foot pier table and work table. There came frequently to visit her, her aunt Kent, wife of the Chancellor; her cousin Mrs. Arthur Bronson, daughter of General Theodorus Bailey, who lived near the Battery, and the Walworths and her many brothers and sisters; the Naval hero, later Rear Admiral Bailey; Nathaniel, and William who died at her house, and James Bailey, with all of whom she was a great favorite. Sunday night teas were delightful re-unions around the old mahogany table, with its abundant array of silver and beautiful gold lined china. Back to her girlhood's home in Plattsburgh she occasionally took her little ones in summer time. Some years later she and her husband bought the residence of Judge Vanderpoel in the village of Kinderhook, where the two youngest children were born; perhaps these were the happiest years; she the lovely center of her home, adored by her family and friends, sought after, looked up to, valued and

esteemed. She was heard to say that she felt very thankful, all her ten children were under her roof, perfect in mind and body. Here her eldest daughter, Henrietta, was married to Mr. Peter S. Hoes, nephew of ex-President Van Buren, in the splendor of an evening of early September when an aurora borealis lighted up the skies and made the festive scene still more brilliant. Shortly after came a great sorrow, the first real break, the tidings of the sudden death, at Farmington, Illinois, of the oldest son, William, a young lawyer of great promise, and a devoted son. Two years after this her sixth child, a daughter, Louisa, died; and perhaps the dear Lord saw that she was tired with life's journey, for on February 15th, 1848, He called her to her rest in the fifty-second year of her age. Her grave is in Vale Cemetery, Schenectady, New York, near that of her husband, five of her children and a grand-daughter, Charlotte Louise Jackson.

FRANCES ALICE JACKSON

The Children and Grandchildren of Charlotte Bailey and Major Myers were:

HENRIETTA married PETER S. HOES	William Myers Hoes Pierre Van Buren Hoes Son Ernest P. Hoes
WILLIAM BAILEY	
CATHERINE ALTIE	
THEODORUS BAILEY married CATALINA MASON	Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason Cassie Mason Myers Julian James
CHARLOTTE BAILEY married THOMAS R. JACKSON	Charlotte Louise Jackson Frances Alice Jackson
MARIA LOUISA	
ALGERNON SYDNEY married CAROLINE CHAPPELL	Kate Bailey Myers Lowell Son Robert Traill Spence Lowell
EDWARD VAN WYCK	
CHARLES WILLIAM	
FRANCES married EDGAR M. JENKINS	

With the passing on to the Eternal Home of Miss Catherine Altie Myers, the name of Myers died, as did that of Mason in the case of Lieutenant-Commander Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason.

SKETCH OF THE LIEE OF

THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS

1821--1883

COLONEL THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS was born in the city of New York on Canal Street, December 13, 1821.

His father, Major M. Myers, gained his military title, as an officer in the United States Army in the War of 1812.

His mother, Charlotte Bailey, of Plattsburgh, New York, was a daughter of Judge William Bailey, neice to Theodorus Bailey, who was United States Senator in 1803, and Postmaster of New York for twenty-five years. She was sister to Theodorus Bailey, afterwards Rear-Admiral in the United States Navy and distinguished at the taking of New Orleans in the Civil War; and it was for these two uncles that the subject of this sketch was named.

Mr. Myers entered the Columbia Grammar School and later attended the Kinderhook Academy where the family country place was situated in the neighborhood of Lindenwald the home of Martin Van Buren. He studied law in the offices of Judge James Vanderpoel, Judge John L. Mason and Francis S.

Marbury, and was admitted to practice in 1842, on his twenty-first birthday. In his early years he spent much of his time with his life long friends, the Livingstons, at Tivoli, their beautiful estate on the Hudson, the home of Chancellor Livingston and his sons, now spoken of in the family as the H — the plan of the house forming the letter H. Colonel Myers' legal activity was largely confined to the business matters of the several corporations of which he was a member.

His services were always freely given to the charitable societies in which he was interested,—notably the Institution for the Blind, on whose board he sat for thirty years, and the Woman's Hospital, on the Board of which he formed his long and intimate friendship with Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D., whose name is forever associated with his as collectors of rare and valuable Americana, since presented to the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations.

In 1847 he married the only daughter of Sidney Mason, a retired West Indian merchant, and first United States Consul to Porto Rico, whose home was at No. 3 College Place, in sight of the grounds of Columbia College. He afterward removed to 132 Fifth Avenue, next to the corner of 18th Street, where Colonel Myers' son and daughter were born.

The Son, Theodorus Bailey Myers, who later became Lieutenant Commander in the United States Navy, added the name of Mason to his own at the request of his grandfather, who had lost his only son,

Alphonso Sidney, when a child. The daughter, Cassie Mason, afterward became Mrs. Julian-James. Mr. Myers was associated in business with his father-in-law, Mr. Mason, in the Sixth Avenue horse railway, the first to be established in New York. As a matter of fact, the cars were drawn in those early days not by horses but by mules. Mr. Mason was President of this company and was succeeded in the office by Mr. Myers. It was an emergency in the affairs of this business that recalled Colonel Myers from service in the Civil War, to which he and his friends, Le Grand Cannon and General Rathbone, were among the first to volunteer. Inheriting strong military tastes, it was always a matter of regret to Mr. Myers that he had been obliged to refuse the early offer of an appointment to West Point, but the death of his elder brother, William, made his presence required at home.

He served on the staff of Governor Silas Wright—hence his title of Colonel by which he was so well known to his friends.

When the Civil War broke out, he joined the 12th New York Militia, April 17, 1861. There was no time to wait for the making of a uniform, and Mr. Myers hurriedly left home in a civilian coat, to which were sewed the eagles and buttons now with his sword in the cabinet of heirlooms at the National Museum. Colonel Myers served later on the staffs of General Benjamin F. Butler and of General Wool.

While engaged in recruiting duty he used a quaint poster characteristic of the times, bearing the picture of a ship under full sail, and on which his name appears. One of these is in the collection of posters at the Congressional Library.

On the steamer Baltic Colonel Myers assumed temporarily the position of quartermaster in charge of supplies intended for Fort Sumter.

Returning to civil life, his following years were pleasantly and profitably filled with legal and business activities, the pleasures of a congenial domestic life, an active interest in charities, literary pursuits, the collecting of manuscripts and curios, and a keen interest in sports. Mr. Myers was one of the first members of the New York Yacht Club, and an excellent whip. His tandem cart was one of the first seen in New York and was much remarked.

He was a member of the Century and Union Clubs and of the St. Nicholas and Holland Societies.

His daughter well remembers his pleasure each year on receiving the invitation on orange colored paper for the St. Nicholas Society's Annual Dinner. From this banquet he returned home with his Dutch pipes invariably intact — the accepted guarantee of due sobriety — and the children always claimed them with delight. He was witty and amusing in conversation, and was always a welcome arrival at his clubs, where a circle soon gathered round him to listen to his pungent and entertaining comments on the events of the

day with which his varied interests and large acquaintance made him so familiar. He was Vice-President of the Geographical Society which he helped to found, a member of the Historical Society and one of the Commissioners of the New York City Fire Department, and Trustees and awarders of the Bennett Medal for bravery. One of these medals, together with a Report of the Fire Department bearing Colonel Myers' name, are to be seen in the case at the National Museum. Owing largely to his efforts the hand brigade so characteristic a feature of old New York was replaced by the use of horses.

He was actively interested in the establishment of a fireman's library to which he contributed many volumes.

In his home at number 4 West 34th Street, a site now covered by the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, were gathered in an artistic and beautiful library his valuable collection of books and manuscripts. There were more than three thousand volumes relating to early American History as well as thirteen volumes of manuscript, including autograph letters of every signer of the Declaration of Independence, eighteen letters of Washington, and autograph letters from all the Governors of New York from the earliest Colonial Governors to Theodore Roosevelt, making one of the most valuable collections of manuscripts in the world. Mr. Myers often observed that "Any one could buy bindings, but," he added, "my books will be my tombstone."

After Mr. Myers' death, and that of his son, this unique collection was given to the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations by Mr. Myers' widow, daughter and daughter-in-law as a memorial.

Mr. Myers' library on 34th Street contained also much interesting antique furniture, stained glass windows from Popingworth House, Lewes, England, Holland tiles, ceramics, engravings and paintings, and the original survey by Washington of Mount Vernon, quaintly framed.

A large circle of friends, many of them fellow members of the Century Club, enjoyed and appreciated these treasures, as well as his genial hospitality with that of his wife and daughter. Among these friends who often dined at his table were Samuel J. Tilden and Chester A. Arthur, both before and during the time of the latter's office as Vice-President, and later President, of the United States.

Mr. Myers was very fond of reading poetry, and many of his favorites he knew by heart. He could quote Owen Meredith's "Lucille" from beginning to end, and he used to say to his daughter, "Cassie, what you don't find in the Bible, you'll find in Lucille." With his friend from boyhood, William Allen Butler, he frequently corresponded in verse. Mr. Butler often visited Mr. Myers at his country place, Elm Spring, and here read the manuscript of his witty and amusing verses "Nothing to Wear,"

which were a charming satire on the belles of the '50's, and were quoted throughout the length and breadth of the land as generally as was Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee" some years later.

Colonel Myers often visited Washington—from the early days when he and his bride were entertained at dinner at the old Van Ness house, still an interesting landmark.

In later times, when their son was social aide to General Grant at the White House, as well as to several other Presidents, he and Mrs. Myers went often to the Capital. Not long before his death he selected land on Twentieth and Q Streets, facing Connecticut Avenue, for houses for his son and daughter.

In Washington Mr. Myers made many friends in the Diplomatic Corps, whom he delighted to entertain in his New York home and whose acquaintance was pleasantly renewed on his several visits to Europe. When accompanied abroad by his wife and daughter their knowledge of foreign languages increased the charm of travel and added to their enjoyment of foreign society composed of the distinguished men and women of the day.

Colonel Myers was well known in Charleston where he had many friends. He visited the city annually as a director of the South Carolina Railway. He never lost an opportunity to add to his collection, and it was here that he was able to purchase the papers of General

Morgan, of Revolutionary fame, which form so important a volume of his manuscripts.

Colonel Myers' country home, in sight of Kingsbridge, now overlooking Van Cortlandt Park, was a spacious stone mansion formerly in possession of the Van Cortlandt family and called Van Cortlandt on the Hill, but known to his friends as Elm Spring. Though now included in the City of New York it was then in a measure isolated, and Mr. Myers was persuaded by his friends Cyrus Field and William E. Dodge to build two cottages on his land, in which they lived for several years.

Mr. Myers was fond of nature and often said that he was never so happy as when smoking a good cigar and watching his men build a stone wall for which he himself helped to select the stones with as much care as if working on a mosaic. His presence, full of an unusual charm and dignity, combined with a winning simplicity of manner, always inspired the respect of those who served him, and his farmer, Ryan, had no difficulty at mowing time in securing laborers, for Colonel Myers was known to be "kind to man and beast," and indeed he often remarked that it gave him "more pleasure to give than to receive." He liked to watch the men at work in the fields wearing the red flannel shirts and straw hats with black ribbons with which he presented them, thus gratifying them, and at the same time his own love for the picturesque; and at noon he always had prepared for them large pails of Shandygaft. Much of the choice stock still seen in

Westchester County and known as blanket cattle of the Holstein breed came originally from two calves which were a gift to Colonel Myers from Baron Holstein, whom he knew when in the German Diplomatic Corps at Washington. The Baron afterward became Minister to Paris, and always remained a power behind the German throne.

Colonel Myers often drove tandem to town with his horses, Lawyer and Doctor. The distance to the City Hall was thirteen miles over the old Kingsbridge and Bloomingdale roads. Mr. Myers named the post office nearest his home, then in Warner's country store, Mosholu, which name is still retained for the Putnam Railroad station. Many pets were owned and delighted in by the children, among them a large Newfoundland dog named Yorpy, a collie named Buster, and a pair of goats for young Theodore's goat cart. In this he often drove out with his little sister, to their great pride and joy. There was on the place a large turkey of erratic habits which was considered crazy, and Mr. Myers told the children that perhaps it became so from thinking itself one of the peacocks and trying to spread his tail like them. Sometimes Mr. Myers would place himself in the Grandfather's Chair—"The Seat of History"—and allowing his children to perch on either wing, delighted them and their little friends with original tales of an Indian Chief named Possumfat and his squaw Hominy, in this wise giving them their first lessons in Americana.

Between his daughter and himself there existed always a delightful sympathy and *Camaraderie*, and his letters to his wife and daughter, whom he addressed as "his partners," show the charm of his personality and his love of fun. His handwriting, full of distinction, but somewhat difficult to read, always repaid the effort to do so, and his interesting letters to his son, a Naval officer, often called by his profession to distant parts of the world, show great knowledge of events, past and present.

In his later years Colonel Myers passed many of his summers between Saratoga, Sharon Springs and Newport. He was very fond of the Berkshires and was a member of the Lenox Club.

Colonel Myers' foresight as to the future value of real estate both in Washington and New York was remarkable, and his judgment was excellent; but disliking much in modern business methods and despising political scheming, he declined many lucrative posts for which his friends wished to nominate him, and preferred to pass his declining years in his library, enjoying society outside his home through the eyes of his children and the circle which his wife and they brought within it.

Mr. Myers was a welcome contributor to the higher class of magazines, he, with Dr. Emmet and Mr. Hoffman, formed a club whose object was the engraving on steel of protraits of the eminent men connected with the early history of the country. The work of the

club was privately distributed. He also re-published many old pamphlets which he liked to give to his friends. Many of these brochures bear on the cover his cypher, the gracefully interlaced initials T. B. M.

To the sorrow of his family, including his brothers and sisters, whose joys and sorrows he had always made his own, Colonel Myers' health began to fail, and he and his wife and daughter went to the South of France and passed the winter of 1886-87 at Cannes. It was at that time that the Riviera was visited by a severe earthquake, and after this disaster they sailed for home on the steamer Champagne. A few hours out from Havre, however, the steamer was run down in a fog and wrecked.

All the passengers were taken off on a sailing vessel which they crowded so full that they had to remain standing during the ten hours required to land them.

Mr. Myers and his family were among the last to leave the ship, for as his daughter said, "My father would not leave until all the emigrant women and children were ashore, and we would not leave him."

Arriving at last safe in New York Colonel and Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Julian-James passed the winter at the Sherwood, corner of Fifth Avenue and 44th Street, during the building of their home in Washington. Here on the 16th of June, Mr. Myers succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

Colonel Myers as an officer of the Civil War would have been buried at Arlington but for the circumstance

that having refused pay, from feelings of patriotism for his country in distress, he had forfeited by law the right to receive a plot in the National Cemetery—a privilege he would have appreciated.

His funeral services were held at St. Bartholomew's Church on Madison Avenue, of which he and his family had long been parishioners, and he was placed in the Mason family vault at Greenwood, New York.

Colonel Myers' name appears also on his father's family monument at Vale Cemetery, Schenectady, with those of his brothers and sisters to whom he was devotedly attached.

His sister Charlotte, wife of Thomas R. Jackson, writes: "My brother Theodorus was the fourth child of Major Myers and his wife, Charlotte Bailey, and was named for her uncle Theodorus Bailey. He and his older brother, William Bailey Myers, were great chums, both boys of promise and leaders of the younger children. On rainy days we children would resort to the top floor where there was a Museum and Cabinet of curiosities, and where we had all sorts of games and great fun, and Theodore was always the leader. In summer we used to go out to Bloomingdale where we played in a pretty little summer house and Theodore was the leader there too. When he was about ten years old our parents purchased a beautiful residence at Kinderhook of Judge Vanderpoel of Albany. There were ten acres, a lovely lawn, fruit, vegetable and flower garden and fine trees. The father, mother

and eight children, with all the furniture and servants, went up on the night boat to Stuyvesant arriving very early in the morning, and we then drove five miles to the lovely village of Kinderhook. This became the most joyous and happy home that can be imagined. The last two children were born there, and the children being of all ages and each having his or her companions made the house very lively. There were two saddle horses and afternoons the carriage, a barouche accommodating as many as could be carried,—a gay party, for one of the beautiful drives for which that country is celebrated. Every evening Henrietta, the oldest daughter, played on the piano and the children all danced until their bedtime. One of them danced the Fisher's Hornpipe. Theodore and those of a suitable age attended the Kinderhook Academy, at that time a very prominent school, pupils from New York and from Albany and other places boarding in the village. Theodore early developed those qualities that secured for him a reputation for good judgment, coolness, perseverence and pluck, always cheerful, never over-stepping the lines of inborn courtesy. During his school and academic years his brilliant intellect secured for him first honors and his essays were greatly eulogised. After finishing his course he, with his brother William, who was older and his chum, took up the study of the law with Judge Vanderpoel in a small office building resembling a summer house which he

retained in one corner of the lawn. Ex-President Van Buren was then living at Lindenwald, which attracted many distinguished people to the village. The Columbia County Bar was considered one of the most brilliant in the State. Thus early in life Theodore came in contact with men of superior attainments, friends of his father who helped to develop his own striking personality."

These few lines are written by his loving sister, the last of that happy band of children and the only one left who can remember him in his boyhood.

CHARLOTTE BAILEY MYERS JACKSON.

CATALINA JULIANA MASON

AFTERWARD

MRS. THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS

1824--1905

CATALINA JULIANA MASON was born on the Island of Porto Rico.

Her father, Sidney Mason, an American of staunch Massachusetts descent, and a man of large business interests in the West Indies, had married one of the seven beautiful daughters of Don José de Rado, who had brought them, with his wife, from Cadiz, old Spain. Catalina was named for her aunt and godmother, the Marchioness d'Esperanza, and was for a time the only child of her parents; then came a charming little baby brother, named Alphonso. Their city home, at San Juan, Porto Rico, where the children were born, was near the city wall and the steps leading to the water, and overlooked the well known counting house of Mason & Thompson. In order to educate the children in his native land, Mr. Mason brought his family to the United States in one of his own sailing vessels, the cabin of which he had luxuriously fitted up for their use.

On their arrival at Baltimore, they were taken at once to Gloucester, Massachusetts, Mr. Mason's old home, but the wife soon succumbed to the rigor of the climate. A tomb is erected there to her memory and that of her little son, Alphonso, who died some time later, at the age of ten years, when at Peugnet's school, in New York.

The little Spanish boy had become a great favorite with his companions. He spoke German, French and Spanish, as well as English, and he and his sister Catalina knew charming Spanish dances, which they danced together. In the case at the Museum are his dear little gray satin suit and large embroidered collar, the work of his mother's hands; the satin jacket cut with short, Empire sleeves, in the quaint fashion of the day for little lads. Also, his sister's little white tambour embroidered dress, silk sash with Chinese figures, gold chain and sleeve bracelets of curious Spanish workmanship. All of these were worn by her on landing from the West Indies in the ship "Frances Jane," at Baltimore, and preserved for many years in an attic at Gloucester, not being suitable for school or for the Northern climate.

Her son, Lieutenant Commander Mason, laughingly named a scow on a stream at "The Anchorage," his summer house at Saugerties, the "Frances Jane."

Catalina was placed at the convent on Mt. Benedict, at Charlestown, out of Boston, which was soon after mobbed and burned.

Many, many years later, near the close of her life, this incident was recalled in a curious manner.

The wife of Mr. Justice Holmes, son of Oliver Wendell Holmes, had been dining with Mrs. Myers at her home in Washington, and as they sat in the drawing room, sipping their coffee, the following conversation took place :

Mrs. Holmes asked, "Do you know Boston, Mrs. Myers ?"

"Not very well of late years, but I was at school at the Charlestown Convent when I was a very little girl and was rescued from it with the nuns when it was mobbed and burned."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Holmes, "how often I have heard my Grandfather tell us how he went there that night and helped save the children, and dropped a little Spanish girl over the wall into a potato patch !"

Mrs. Myers' bright eyes shone as she tapped her chest with a charmingly characteristic gesture and exclaimed, "I was that little Spanish girl."

On the death of his wife Mr. Mason returned to the West Indies, to close the affairs of his plantation at Santa Catalina and at the Consulate, and placing his daughter at Miss Emma Willard's famous school for girls at Troy, New York, he went to Europe, traveling extensively for two years, until recalled by the death of his little son. He then took up his residence in New York, in a charming house at Number 3 College Place, at the head of which he

placed his daughter, who now finished her school days with the Misses McClennachan. Much of the furniture in this house was made from wood brought from the plantation in Porto Rico, from designs drawn for Mr. Mason in Europe.

Catalina's room was furnished in satin wood, and many of these things were cherished and surrounded her during her life and are still in possession of the family.

It was at about this time that Catalina met and fell in love with Mr. Theodorus Bailey Myers. By an odd coincidence they discovered that their family crests of a mermaid were the same. The Rev. Dr. Wainwright married them, and later christened their son, Theodorus Bailey Myers, who, at his grandfather's request, added the name of Mason to his own. At Catalina's wedding, her sister-in-law, Kate Myers, acted as one of her bridesmaids, and the friendship thus begun lasted throughout their lives, though they never lived in the same city, for Kate remained in Schenectady, New York, at head of her father's house where she preserved with veneration many family relics which were distributed at her death among her sister, nieces and nephews.

Mrs. Myers more often saw her sister-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Reed Jackson, who with Mr. Jackson and their attractive little daughters, Lottie and Fannie, also lived in New York.

Mr. Myers' other sisters and brothers were always welcome, but none lived in the same city.

Before her marriage, Mrs. Myers had brought home one of her school-mates, Miss Catherine Gartz Robb, of Warrenton, Virginia, whom Mr. Mason later married, after which they continued to make their home in College Place. Mr. and Mrs. Mason later removed to the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 18th Street, a house which remained for many years a land mark. Here Mr. and Mrs. Myers passed their winters also, and here their children were born. In summer, at Mr. Myers' country home, Elm Spring, the hospitality of the winter was returned, when Mr. and Mrs. Mason were not visiting other resorts.

It was a delightful drive from the Fifth Avenue home, where parties often formed "to give Catalina a surprise."

With the aid of the field glass they could be seen at a distance, when Catalina would call the children and dispatch them skurrying over the stone wall to Jeremiah, the fisherman, who was always to be found in his boat on the creek below the house, and able to secure the freshest of fish—the famous North River shad when in season, and oysters fresh from the beds.

From the old garden would be brought vegetables, salad and fruit. Often Mrs. Myers' guests were pressed into the service, and entering into the spirit of the fun they whipped up mayonnaise or prepared lemonade or raspberry syrup—a cooling drink then popular.

Then would follow a delightful day of lounging in hammocks, reading aloud or listening to music, and sometimes going out on the water or strolling over to the high ground overlooking the Hudson, to see the sun set behind the Palisades and in the evening the party often drove back by moonlight, sometimes accompanied by their host and hostess. Other pleasant family gatherings were often held at Mr. Myers' "Uncle Nat's and Aunt Eliza's"—Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Platt Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Myers driving to nearby Fordham, and the children following on their ponies.

At about this time Mrs. Myers' father gave her one of the first English phaetons brought to this country, and in it, drawn by a pair of small horses, she could drive herself about accompanied by the children.

Here at Elm Spring, William Allen Butler, a life long friend of Mr. Myers read from the manuscript of "Nothing to Wear."

In these days the sewing machine made its first appearance and ladies did many of their own pretty ruffles, and cozy mornings were spent on the deep veranda at the back of the house upon which opened the long library windows, and Miss Perkins often read aloud in a most delightful manner.

Or, the party assembled in a cool hall running through the house where there never failed to be a breeze. In this happy Eden no mosquito bar was ever seen or required. When passing in an automobile the

other day (May, 1907,) it was observed by the daughter, Mrs. Julian-James, that the house stood absolutely unchanged. The surroundings were no longer those of the old days, for the city is creeping up within sight and roads and boulevards are being cut through in all directions, but the view from the Colonial porch, of Van Cortlandt Park is still beautiful. Mrs. Julian-James was glad not to enter the once hospitable doors for she felt that only the shell remained. When the family left Elm Spring for Europe the place was sold, the son, Theodorus, went to the Naval Academy, and Mr. Myers recalled to the city by business affairs after some months of volunteer service in the Civil War. It was not long before these days that the young Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, made his tour of the United States, and a brilliant ball was given for him at the old Academy of Music on Irving Place and 14th Street, at which Mr. Myers served on the reception and floor committees. Mrs. Julian-James well remembers her mother's charming appearance on this occasion, she wore a pink silk dress embroidered in tiny silver wheels, with wide flowing skirts over crinoline, her abundant dark hair was drawn smoothly back in the fashion of the times and arranged in a coil of heavy braids, and her dancing brown eyes were brilliant, as they remained to the last.

Because of her unfortunate deafness, caused by having been given the wrong medicine when a child, she rarely cared to appear in society except at an

occasional fancy ball, when her exquisite dancing and her love of fun made her the life of the party.

She often said, "I can't hear,—but I can see!" Her intuitive insight into character was quite remarkable, as were her absolute good sense and clear judgment, and instinctive dislike of any person or thing not genuine. A certain unusual personal charm remarked by every one and retained to the last was enhanced by her slight Spanish accent which softened her always truthful remarks—for she was noted for having the frankness of a child blended with an old world dignity which in her later years made her a Personage.

She was always most charitable, and was one of those who founded the Protestant Episcopal Orphanage situated for so many years on Lexington Avenue. This had its beginning in the sad case of some children left homeless on the death of their parents. Mrs. Myers established them in two rooms with a reliable woman to take care of them and later, with the assistance of friends, added a number of children and attendants which made it necessary from time to time to remove to larger quarters.

Mrs. Myers, her step-mother, Mrs. Sidney Mason, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jackson, were of the earliest to become interested in a "Home for Indigent Christian Females" as was its quaint designation—(now St. Luke's Home)—an organization not unlike the Samaritan Home for aged couples in which Mr. Myers and his sister, Mrs. Jackson, were also much interested. Mr.

and Mrs. Myers were members of the Episcopal Church and were for many years parishioners of St. Bartholomew's, 44th Street and Madison Avenue.

On visiting Europe after the sale of Elm Spring Mrs. Myers saw Paris in the height of its brilliancy under the reign of the Emperor Napoleon III and the beautiful Empress Eugenie.

The Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne were then still a novelty and the rendezvous of people of distinction from all countries, as well as of the people, —all assembled to revel in the Exposition Universelle, one of the first of such magnitude yet held.

It was during this visit that Mrs. Myers was met by her son, Theodorus, who had graduated from Professor Charlier's famous school for boys in New York, and was now travelling with the Professor before entering the Naval Academy.

On returning to New York Mr. and Mrs. Myers passed a winter at the Westminster Hotel, corner of Irving Place and 16th Street, and it was at this time, June 17, 1869, that their daughter Cassie, Married Mr. Julian James, but became a widow within a year of the brilliant wedding, which had taken place in her Grandfather's home on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 18th Street.

On the death of her Grandfather she accompanied her mother and Mrs. Sidney Mason abroad where, in London, they met her brother Theodorus, now a young Naval officer, of whom his mother was justly proud.

After some weeks most delightfully spent in London, visiting the galleries, enjoying music, and receiving the hospitality of many delightful and distinguished people, they went to Paris just at the close of the Franco-German War in 1870, and were among the first to enter the city so sadly devastated. Mrs. Julian-James says, "We were struck by the absolute silence of the streets, the traffic of which had not been restored, the horses having been used for food during the siege. Therefore the noise of our horse's feet drew the people to their windows from which all the glass had been shattered."

They drove to the Hotel Meurice on the Rue de Rivoli through the Place Vendôme where the Column lay in pieces, and from the hotel could be seen the ruins of the superb buildings of the municipality which were still smoking. The party visited all points of interest, as well as the homes of some of their friends still in Paris, one of whom had had the misfortune to receive a bomb through her roof which alighted in the center of her drawing-room floor. A visit was paid also to the famous dressmaker, Worth, and they then proceeded to Aix les Bains, now the gayest of watering places, but then, gambling having just been prohibited, only dreary and deserted halls and neglected baths remained. But the beautiful drives about the country were greatly enjoyed and the party drifted down to Spain and then to Italy for the winter. Returning to New York in the spring Mr. and Mrs. Myers rented a house on Madison Avenue, but later removed to 18

West 39th Street to which their son, Lieutenant Mason, brought his bride, the handsome and attractive daughter of Captain Phelps, United States Navy, then stationed at the Navy Yard, Mare Island, at which place they met and were married in 1875. Soon after this, Mr. and Mrs. Myers and their daughter removed to Number 4 West 34th Street, where they passed nine happy years. The house belonged to the Astor Estate and stood just in the rear of Mr. and Mrs. William Astor's house on the corner of Fifth Avenue,—the site and half the block besides, is now covered by the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel.

The old Fifth Avenue home on the corner of 18th Street had been leased and converted by Chickering & Sons, the famous piano manufacturers, into Chickering Hall, where for years the best music and the finest lectures were heard.

The City of New York had not yet extended beyond Central Park on Manhattan Island, and Fifth Avenue was a street exclusively of residences. Society, though not literally limited to the number four hundred as laid down by the autocrat and unique social genius, Ward McAllister, was comparatively small and homogeneous, and it was stamped with a character and charm that can never return. A large proportion of the most prominent families bore names associated with the history of the City, the State, or the Republic.

Wealth had become sufficiently abundant to insure

a social setting in which elegance and good taste were more characteristic than they later became, when lavish expenditure so increased and over-whelmed the earlier ideals as to what was fitting and sufficient.

"The Patriarchs," a series of balls given every winter at Delmonico's, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 26th Street, and the F. C. D. C., a dancing class which also gave four balls, were perhaps the flower of social achievement and ambition at that time.

The list of guests was rigorously compiled and pruned, that it might include only what was best and most characteristic in the society of the City and of its foreign visitors.

Every two years Mrs. Myers and her daughter went abroad, stopping in Paris at the Hotel Westminster in the Rue de la Paix, to be near Madame Robin, formerly Mrs. Sidney Mason, who lived there and was surrounded by a most charming circle of friends.

Her small hotel on the Parc Monceau was frequented by the musical and artistic celebrities of the day. In 1885 the 34th Street house was given up, and Mr. and Mrs. Myers and their daughter passed three years abroad.

While at Cannes a short time before the severe earthquake which visited the Riviera, they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and their daughter, Frances. It was then that plans were seriously spoken of for building a home in Washington, of which Mr. Jackson

became the very successful architect. It was finished in 1888.

But Mrs. Myers and her daughter began their life in the house so lovingly planned by them all without the husband and father, the sorrow of whose loss they were now called upon to endure.

From 1888 to 1905, the mother and daughter passed the winters in Washington and the summers at Saratoga and Lenox, when not visiting Europe.

Cherishing memories of the Christmas festivities in her early home in the West Indies, Mrs. Myers made much of the holiday for her children, always dressing a tree for the poor as well as for them. And her merry, quaint little Christmas parties were most characteristic and were continued to the last year of her life.

One of them was a Bag Party, the guests all being requested to appear in bags, drawn in at the throat, beneath the masks, and the hands concealed—the effect was most amusing.

She delighted to have supper served according to the fashion of her girlhood "when the gentlemen served the ladies" with oysters and ices from a table decked with the beautiful Bohemian glass of which the ruby color seemed to typify the cheerful glow of the Christmas season, and with her father's silver service surmounted by the mermaid of his crest—one of the first designed and made by Kirk of Baltimore.

An incident connected with this silver occurred many years later, when she and her daughter went

over to Baltimore from Washington to select some Christmas presents.

Finding that they had not brought sufficient money Mrs. Julian-James asked Mr. Kirk if he would accept a check. Receiving this, and observing the middle name of Mason, as well as that of the New York bank on which it was drawn, Mr. Kirk asked if the ladies were related to Sidney Mason, and on learning that they were his daughter and granddaughter, he exclaimed impulsively, "Oh, —please take the whole shop!"

He then recalled the time many years ago, before the days of express delivery, when his father sent him on his first visit to New York to deliver at Number 3 College Place the silver service ordered by Mr. Mason and just completed. He had been given strict orders by his father to engage a wagon in New York, and to remain seated on the box until delivered to the purchaser, which he did, later going to see the sights of the town, so new and wonderful to him.

On her annual visits to Saratoga, whose waters did her so much good, Mrs. Myers' arrival was looked for and welcomed by all the personnel of the United States Hotel. She had come there first with her father, as a little girl, and in her last years the proprietor greeted her as the oldest patron of the hotel. At Saratoga, within ten years of her death, she went one evening with a party of friends up to the ball room to witness a Cake Walk given annually

by the colored waiters and their ladies, most amusing caricatures of the day, who performed with perfect dignity and seriousness their part. There were no lights as yet turned on, but the moonlight streamed through the windows. Taking her Spanish lace scarf and raising it high over her head, she waltzed down the ball room in the most remarkably graceful manner, but to the terror of her daughter, whose fears were realized that night, when Mrs. Myers had an attack of the heart which confined her to her bed for weeks.

During their residence in Washington Mrs. Myers and Mrs. Julian-James gathered round them a delightful circle. It soon became known to their friends that they remained at home on Saturday evenings, and their house became a rendezvous quite unique in Washington. Whole dinner parties would appear, till the number often reached three hundred—comprising all that was most distinguished in Washington society. The hostess not being in official life, had the privilege of drawing about her a circle that was most congenial and delightful—the same people returning week after week. Mrs. Myers moved gracefully among her guests, tactfully bringing out the newcomers to Washington, and never breaking up tête-a-têtes, looking like a Marquise in her white hair and beautiful toilets, nothing escaping her bright eyes, which betrayed under all her dignity her innate love of fun.

A great French physician had recommended that she always have near her a little dog whose quick ears would detect the approach of footsteps inaudible to her because of her unfortunate deafness. So her friends will always associate with her in her later years, two little high bred Japanese spaniels—Fugiyama and Yokohama, the latter appearing in a portrait painted of Mrs. Myers by Mrs. Loop after she had gone to join all who were so dear to her.

A sketch would be incomplete without mention of the devotion of her servants, in whom she always brought out the best. One of them in particular—devoted, faithful Sam Smith, who was in the service of the family for forty years, and who grew from young manhood to age with the one thought of their welfare uppermost in his mind, survived Mrs. Myers by only a few months.

Mrs. Myers had exquisite taste in dress—but she dominated, always, the jewels and dresses which she wore,—an aristocrat by birth and associations.

She loved beauty and had discrimination in all things. Once, when very ill, she was asked what she would like for her birthday, and replied, with a smile, "A pink rose tied with a blue ribbon—in a crystal vase."

The large hall in her Washington house, with its high fireplace and family portraits, contained eighteen pieces of furniture of antique design, covered with tapestry which was the work of her hands, begun

while she was at school. The first was a high screen, and continuing year by year, one piece in summer, one in winter, the hall was at last completely furnished—many of the designs being by Heilbrunner, in Paris, and mounted in Renaissance style.

One ever to be remembered event was a reunion of all the Mason cousins at a dinner given in Washington by Mrs. Myers and her daughter. Mrs. Julian-James has said she loved to think of her darling mother standing in the hall receiving first her cousin "Cito," to whom she was devoted, and his wife, Mary (Mr. and Mrs. John Mason) of Philadelphia. With them came their three children and two grandchildren—Anna with her husband Howland Coit and their boy, Edward; Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Mason; Mr. and Mrs. John Mason, bringing their little son Jack.

Then came Alphonso Mason and his wife Mollie, and their daughter Helen, who had often been her cousin's guest.

All had been invited to meet Etta, Ann and Catalina, daughters of Mrs. Myers' cousin Frank Mason, who, with his brother Thomas had been dear to her all her life as sons of her Uncle Alphonso, lost on the steamer "Lexington".

Catalina Davis and Mrs. Babson, and her grandson Mason Babson, were unable to come on from Gloucester. Judge José Ramon Fernandez Savage and his wife, with their little baby, had just sailed for Porto Rico—being cousins on Mrs. Myers' mother's side of

the house she was much disappointed that this younger "Cito" could not be with her to join this attractive gathering of the Mason kin.

To meet them, had been asked also her daughter-in-law and her husband's cousins living in Washington, Mr. and Mrs. Mimmack and their daughter Katharine. Mr. J. Herbert Carpenter who was present, but whose wife and three boys found it impossible to come, as did Mr. William J. Quinlan and his talented son, as well as Mr. and Mrs. William Allen Butler, Jr., and their five attractive children, who would have been among the most welcome guests.

The table appeared to have no limitations. A Washington spoon lay at each plate to be kept by the guests as souvenirs, and as the dear little lady graced the head of the table and gave her greeting it was a never to be forgotten sight.

After the happy day, Mrs. Myers' good friends Dr. and Mrs. Rixey came to see that all was well, and to let her physician in New York, Dr. Calvin May, know that so much exertion had not harmed their patient. Her faithful maid Annie O'Halloran then disrobed her for the night.

The next morning in her weekly letter to her life long friend Miss Sophie Furniss she gave a vivid account of the day.

When a new little room, which was to be her special sanctum, was added to the house she wished to have it blessed by Bishop Satterlee, the first Bishop

of Washington. The key was handed her by her daughter, who had caused the room to be completely furnished. Mrs. Myers opened the door and entered on the arm of the Bishop who, in a most beautiful prayer blessed the house and its inmates. Those assembled were the members of the household, the family of the Bishop, and the workmen who had been employed. It was a charming and touching ceremony.

Her doctor once said that no one who had ever had the privilege of hearing Mrs. Myers say, in the presence of her daughter and maid, her little morning and evening prayer, could ever forget it.

She was fond of all games, as was natural to one of her active mind. After dinner, friends often came in, and she was joined at her table where she had begun solitaire, till, one after another begging to share her game, it often became "five, six and seven hand euchre." She was invariably a victor at back-gammon, her quick eye seeing all possible chances at play. One of her favorite opponents was Mr. Charles Henry Butler, his wife and four children often coming also to take part in the games. The large affairs of her life were regulated with striking and unusual ability. Bills were paid instantly, but there was always a reserve fund, for she looked constantly to the future and was prepared for emergencies. She read the papers every day, and was greatly interested in the Russian and Japanese War. She never forgot

her Spanish, and her beautiful Castilian accent often greatly astonished foreign diplomats. She was always happiest at home, never caring much to pay visits, but driving daily over the smooth pavements of Washington and its beautiful surroundings where she often liked to leave the victoria or brougham for a walk, accompanied by her loving and devoted daughter, who scarcely left her for an hour in her later years.

Her favorite drives were to Arlington, the Soldiers' Home and Rock Creek Park, and out to the beautiful Cathedral grounds. For a dozen years her faithful coachman, Charles Cook, selected the direction for the daily drive according to the indications of wind and weather.

Almost every day Mrs. Myers was seen walking with her daughter in the Capitol grounds round the circle of the esplanade, where, in different years, a little dog of choice breed accompanied her and amused her with his gambols.

First came "Top," a toy fox terrier, later followed by "Fujiyama," the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Thorne, who, at the death of this pet, tried to console her by sending "Yokohama," a tiny Japanese spaniel of similar breed.

In all her long life, in which Mrs. Myers at different times survived both shipwreck and earthquake, she was but once severely injured. This occurred in 1877, in New York, when driving in her carriage to a great entertainment, "The Mistle-

toe Bough," given for charity at the Academy of Music and elaborately gotten up and taken part in by many young people prominent in society.

The carriage was wrecked, and though bravely protected by her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mason, who was with her, she was so severely hurt that it was necessary to have several stitches taken in her face.

As her husband's old friend, Dr. Emmet, bent tenderly over her, she looked up and said with characteristic spirit and wit — referring to her husband's passion for collecting valuable antiques and bric-a-brac: "I think Mr. Myers will like me better than ever now, for he always likes his old things when they are nicely mended."

At Saratoga, in the summer of 1905, without lingering illness or pain, she gently breathed her last. She said good-bye in many little tacit ways that her daughter now remembers, once observing, with pathetic tenderness, "I can't stay here much longer, Cassie — but I *wish* I could take you with me."

She liked the little Bethesda Church with its quiet service and choir boys, and here her funeral services were held before her last journey to New York where she was placed beside her husband, father and son in the tomb of Sidney Mason, overlooking Dale Water Lake in Greenwood Cemetery.

In the Chapel of the House of Mercy, Washington,

a brass tablet has been erected which bears the following inscription:

MRS. THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS
IN LOVING MEMORY OF HER UNFAILING INTEREST IN THE
HOUSE OF MERCY
This Tablet is Placed Here by the
Board of Managers

Frances Jackson writes:

"When I was a little girl I was very much attracted to my Aunt Catalina because she was so dainty and foreign, so different from any one I knew. She was gay and full of fun, and dressed beautifully which appealed to my childish fondness for pretty things. Her hair, at that time was dark, always beautifully arranged, her brown eyes were very soft and expressive, but most of all I admired her hands. Small and perfectly formed I never tired looking at them, nor have I ever seen any that compared with them. They were not ornamental only, for they could sew and embroider beautifully, and do all sorts of fine worsted work.

"I remember our being together one summer at the seashore when I attached myself to her with all a child's tenacity, and the love that then developed never varied and never waned — in my heart. In the warm afternoons she would sit dressed in fresh organdies and laces, interested in the people and the little happenings which made up the life of the Long Island resort. At our home in New York she and my Uncle Theodore often dropped in to dinner

in informal family fashion, always welcome guests to parents and children alike. She had much to tell that was interesting, of her travels in Europe, of the people she had met and the functions she had attended. I was much impressed, then as later, by her keen insight, her consideration, her neatness and order, and the care with which she had preserved many beautiful things belonging to her mother. She loved to talk of her childhood, and held in tender memory those who had been kind to her when a motherless little girl. And so through all the years I knew and loved her, her atmosphere of exquisiteness with its foreign touch in her pretty accent, drew and held me, as it did others, for friendships were many and enduring. She made her home a bright center, and loved to gather her relatives and friends about her in charming hospitality. Her adoration for her children was most marked. I remember her bright anticipations of holidays, and her many arrangements for celebrating them, — there must be dinners at Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year and Easter, each for a different set of relations and friends. She enjoyed little surprises and presents and displayed great taste and care in selecting gifts and arranging pleasures for others. One autumn we all met in Paris. She at once exclaimed, "Now we shall have our Thanksgiving dinner together, though we cannot have pumpkin pie." I well remember a most delightful Thanksgiving dinner of twenty-four in the

beautiful Washington house, she at the head of the long table with her splendid son at her right hand, her dear daughter facing her with my father at her side, and how my Aunt Cattie said, 'I am so glad to have you all here to-day, and I hope you will all come again next year.' There was something in her gentle voice and sweet manner more expressive than the mere words of welcome.

"She was self-reliant, conscientious and brave.

"Gracefully she passed through life, and when the weight of years pressed upon her, without great suffering, she passed on, out of our sight."

FRANCES ALICE JACKSON.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS MASON

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER UNITED STATES NAVY

1849–1899

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS MASON was born in New York, on May 8, 1849, at 132 Fifth Avenue, next to the northwest corner of 18th Street. He was named for his father, Theodorus Bailey Myers, and afterward added the name of Mason to his own at the request of his grandfather, Sidney Mason, who had lost his only son, Alphonso, when a child.

Later on, he lived in the corner house, Number 130 Fifth Avenue, the home of his grandfather, who was devoted to him.

Every day they rode together. Theodore mounted on a white pony brought from the West Indies, and so diminutive that, when Mr. Mason and he were joined by friends, as was often the case, they were hardly visible to the little rider behind the high wall of his grandfather's tall horse.

The boy's summers were all passed at his father's country place, Elm Spring, between Spuyten

Duyvil and Mosholu, the latter name an Indian one, having been given to the adjacent post office by Colonel Myers, who often related to his son the alleged origin of the curious appellation, Spuyten Duyvil. It was said that the trumpeter of Governor Peter Stuyvesant affirmed that he would swim the width of water which separated Manhattan Island from the mainland "in spite of the Devil."

A present to young Theodore from his father, one Fourth of July, was that of a perfect little English gig, with side lights and a top, drawn by a goat. In this, the boy often drove out with his little sister in state, and their pride and joy were complete when she carried a delightful little pink parasol, which was a favorite gift from her grandfather, and Tommie, a knit doll, relegated to her by her brother, it having been given to him when he was five weeks old, the most prized toy of their collection. It was here, under the hill, on the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, which runs near the present Van Cortlandt Park, that "young Theodore," as he was known to his aunts and uncles, to distinguish him from his father, Colonel Myers, received his first lessons in swimming, rowing and sailing, as well as a practical experience in ordnance,—a branch of naval science in which he afterward became distinguished. He loaded a small cannon with blasting powder, which exploded in his face, but owing to his grandfather's quick action and presence of mind

he was not disfigured, for Mr. Mason pressed the boy against a tree with his knee while he took out the grains of powder, one by one, with his pen-knife—an experience very painful to both, though Mr. Mason delighted in the stoicism of his grandson, who never uttered a sound.

The days were not entirely filled with play, for lessons were learned with a German governess, Fraulein Fritzi, to whom the little brother and sister were always devoted.

Both children spoke French fluently, not knowing the difference between that and English, having constant practice with their French nurse, Adeline, and with a Frenchman, Georges Lecaital, for thirty years in the employ of their grandfather as butler.

For many winters Theodore was a pupil at the Charlier Institute, a boys' school famous in old New York, which he attended until he entered the Naval Academy, at the age of sixteen. His appointment as Midshipman he procured by his own efforts in a characteristic way. During one of his vacations he went to his father, saying that he had chosen his career in life, and meant to go into the United States Navy. On being asked how he proposed to obtain an appointment, he replied that he had been saving his money for some time, and now he had enough to take him to Washington, where he meant to call upon the Secretary of the Navy and ask him for it; and his father, pleased with this indication of

character, consented to the plan. On arriving in Washington and discovering that he had forgotten his visiting cards, a man was found in the hotel who offered to write some for him, and executed the commission with many flourishes.

Armed with this satisfactory credential he called at the Navy Department and was received in due time by Secretary Fox. The details of the interview between this Cabinet official and his dark-eyed, strikingly good looking boy visitor were never repeated, for, with characteristic modesty, Theodore simply announced on returning home, that he was to receive an appointment, which accounts for the fact that it came eventually from Florida.

Meanwhile, at the desire of his grandfather, Theodore enjoyed two experiences of travel—one in the West, with several boy companions invited to join him; and the other in Europe, with Professor Charlier.

Long afterward, Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, so noted a friend and missionary to the Indians, recalled a visit paid to him by this party of boys, accompanied by Professor Mann. One of the boys was a son of the Rev. Dr. Cooke, Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, then on the corner of La Fayette Place and Great Jones Street, of which the Mason family had long been parishioners.

The boys assisted the Bishop at the opening of one of his missions, singing the hymns in their fresh

young voices, and forming part of a picturesque congregation, in which red Indians and the brave pioneer settlers of the State were included.

Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason entered the Naval Academy at a most fortunate time, in the fall of 1864. During his first year as a Midshipman, the Academy was still stationed at Newport, Rhode Island, to which place it had been thought wise to remove it in 1861, during the Civil War; but the institution returned in the fall of 1865 to its old home at Annapolis, Maryland, under the wise and remarkable administration as Superintendent of Admiral David D. Porter.

Mr. Park Benjamin, of New York, was then a Cadet in the class above that of young Mason and of this period he writes in his very entertaining history of the United States Naval Academy: "The direct management now passed into the hands of one of the most brilliant groups of young officers which had ever assembled under the auspices of the Navy; into the hands of the men who had actively fought the battles of the Civil War, and who had now returned, flushed with the enthusiasm of victory and ready to bend all their energies to teaching the rising generation how to go and do likewise."

The three years which followed were most happy ones and in 1868 Mr. Mason graduated number twenty in his class, the members of which received their diplomas at West Point with the Cadets of the

Military Academy. The festivities occasioned by this combination of the Army and the Navy were varied and brilliant, but the experiment was never repeated in after years.

There were entertainments ashore and afloat, and competition drills; and the Army and Navy acted alternately as hosts.

Soon after graduation Mr. Mason was ordered to the Flagship "Guerrière" of the South Atlantic Station.

A friend wrote, after his death in 1899: "The records of the Navy Department show that from this time forward he was in positions of importance affording ample opportunity for the exercise of talents which qualified him for the highest usefulness;" and another Naval friend adds; "Generous to a fault, always ready to help those in trouble, beloved by all who knew him well, had his health permitted and an opportunity offered in the war with Spain, no man would have brought more credit to his country's flag and profession, than T. B. M. Mason."

In the harbor of Rio de Janeiro, in 1868, when barely twenty years of age, he saved the lives of two drowning seamen, throwing himself into the water, which was infested with sharks, and bravely rescuing them.

Knowledge of this act coming to Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, he sent to Mr. Mason, in recognition of his heroic conduct, the Order of the Rose, which he was allowed by his government to accept by special act

of Congress, at the request of Mr. Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, who himself sent to Mr. Mason a letter of thanks. He received besides, a gold medal of the New York Benevolent and Life Saving Institution for saving life and for improvements in life saving apparatus. This Mr. Mason valued more highly than any other decoration which he received, for these were the first of the twenty lives Mr. Mason was enabled to rescue during his Naval career. Ten years later he was decorated for personal bravery by Victor Emanuel, King of Italy, who presented Lieutenant Mason with a silver medal for having gone with three sailors, all volunteers, on board and into the lower hold of the Italian bark "Delaide" lying on fire in the harbor of Callao, Peru. The bark was loaded with powder and railroad supplies, and the Americans rolled aside the kegs and extinguished the fire.

On his twenty-first birthday, Mr. Mason's grandfather, Sidney Mason, died, and the young officer asked for his first leave of absence, to join his mother, his sister and his grandfather's widow in England.

Mr. Mason sailed on the yacht of the Earl of Harrington, two of whose sons were his intimate friends, to meet the steamer from America. They cruised about while waiting for its arrival and came aboard the ship at the Needles. Mr. Mason had been well introduced in England by Lord John Hay, later of the admiralty; many exclusive clubs opened their doors hospitably to him, and he had been delightfully

entertained by many agreeable people in London society. In return, Mr. Mason often gave little dinners at his apartment on Albemarle street, which were chaperoned by his widowed sister, Mrs. Julian-James.

He and his sister enjoyed morning rides in the Row, for, contrary to the usual Naval tradition, he was an excellent horseman, and once, in Paris, Mr. Mason surprised the French officers who had invited him to join a reviewing party, by declining the offer of the carriage which they wished to send for him and requesting the use of a saddle horse on which to join the mounted officers.

On a later visit to England, Admiral Franklin, just before taking command of the Mediterranean Squadron, was invited to witness some shooting at Aldershot, and his aid, not being in London, Mr. Mason, was invited to act in his place.

After some very fine work by the English officers, one of them asked young Mr. Mason, in a tone he conceived to be slightly sarcastic, "If he would not like to take a try"—for "the Americans were known to be such excellent shots." Replying that he would do so with pleasure and asking for a rifle, the young naval officer stood quietly, dressed in his Prince Albert coat, and, to the delight of the American Admiral, made a bull's eye. On one occasion Mr. Mason having paid a visit to the French capital, was about to cross over to England. He had given a farewell dinner to his family and a few intimate

friends, at the Hotel Meurice. On arriving at Boulogne that night, the sea was found to be running so high as to make it unsafe to cross. While standing on the quay he observed a vessel in distress, and calling for volunteers was successful in rescuing the crew.

Mr. Mason enjoyed a cruise in the Mediterranean on the flagship "Franklin," commanded by Admiral Rogers, whose son, Raymond, an officer on the ship, had been Mr. Mason's friend and classmate at Annapolis.

In 1869 he became Ensign, and in 1870 Master. In 1871 he was attached to the Navy Department in Washington, and while on duty as aid to the Secretary of the Navy, he was detailed to accompany General Grant to Boston in 1872, and was later special aid at the White House where the President and Mrs. Grant and their family always showed him the greatest kindness.

In 1873 Lieutenant Mason went to the South Pacific and was one of the first to volunteer in landing forces at Panama to protect American interests.

When stationed on the Pacific Coast in 1875 he married, at Mare Island, the daughter of the Captain of the Yard, Thomas Stowell Phelps, who was later Rear-Admiral, commanding the same.

Edmonia Taylor Phelps was a beautiful, spirited, and accomplished girl, and after her marriage to Lieutenant Mason their mutual devotion until his death was a matter of admiration to their large circle of friends. When Lieutenant Mason was on the Eastern Station his wife joined him in Japan.

In 1875-'76, Lieutenant Mason was appointed instructor of French at Annapolis, and here, in the quaint old town, as yet untouched by any modern innovations, Mr. and Mrs. Mason passed happy months, surrounded by friends and class-mates, and delighting to welcome at all times the members of their yet unbroken family circle during that time and when he was instructor of Ordnance and Gunnery at the Naval Academy. The remembrance of the light-hearted fun and gaity of those days are cherished as the happiest of memories.

At about this time he was called to Washington, Mr. Arthur then being President, and commenced the organization of the Bureau of Intelligence, an idea original with him, the statistics of which he worked upon for a number of years when off duty. For the second time Mr. Mason found himself *persona grata* at the White House. During this period he built his home, 1606 Twentieth Street.

In 1885 he commanded a battery of Light Artillery on the Isthmus of Panama.

When Mr. Mason was in the East his ship visited Corea. The Secretary of State had previously designated him to travel with the Corean Embassy, the first sent to the United States from the Hermit Kingdom, and of which the Crown Prince was a member.

On arriving in Corea, where, it appears, he was not unknown, the command of the Corean Army and

Navy, with the title of Prince and a high salary, was offered to him by the King. This he courteously declined.

In 1888, after his return from the East, he became special aid to the Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Whitney, and was re-appointed to this duty by Secretary Benjamin F. Tracey, whose especial confidence and regard he ever afterward enjoyed.

Among his many writings, he contributed a standard text book on Ordnance and Artillery Tactics, and a history of the war between some of the South American States in 1880. After serving on the flagships "Trenton" and "Brooklyn," on the Asiatic Station, and also as navigator on the "Essex" during a cruise in the Caroline Islands, he resumed duty at the Navy Department from 1889 to 1891, and acted as assistant inspector during the building of the cruiser "New York," at Cramp's ship-yard, Philadelphia. On its completion he became her executive officer under Captain, afterwards Rear Admiral, J. W. Philip, serving on the South Atlantic Station.

Mr. Mason was a man of unusually attractive personality. His firm step, erect carriage, and the commanding yet winning expression of his fine eyes were not easily forgotten, for they suggested the power of reserve strength and resourcefulness, which were always at his command in emergency. Though almost a martinet in discipline, he won the devotion of his men, who always felt, as did his family and friends,

that in trouble they could rely on his sympathy and help in all ways in his power.

Further, to quote one who knew him well, whose words were published in the New York Herald after his death: "Lieutenant Commander Mason's career, his work on Gunnery, and his acts of chivalrous heroism need no comment, It is because of such men as he that our country's Navy has received so many tributes of unfeigned admiration and respect."

One of the last acts of his kindness, cherished by one of the compilers of this memoir, is the remembrance of the generous, whole-souled interest he expressed when he learned that his young kinsman, Robert Traill Spence Lowell, then, in 1898, in his twelfth year, ardently wished to follow as closely as possible in his footsteps in the Naval profession, which the boy subsequently entered.

Lieutenant Mason's charming home in Washington, Number 1606 Twentieth Street, N. W., facing Connecticut Avenue, and his country home at Saugerties, on the Hudson, were the gifts of his devoted father and mother, who often said that they preferred to make their children happy during their life time rather than wait till after their death. To quote the words of his father's life long friend, William Allen Butler, "Lieutenant Commander Mason's home at Washington, contains in a lofty and beautiful library, erected for the special purpose to which it is devoted, the remarkable collection of autographs and documents of

public men of the United States from the foundation of its government, and of published works relating to American history, all gathered by his father, Theodorus Bailey Myers, during many years of research, in which he was associated with Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, whose collection of a similar character passed into the possession of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations."

In 1894 the failure of his formerly robust and splendid health rendered his retirement a painful necessity, though he never gave up hope that he might recover and return to active duty. His devoted wife met him in England, at the steamer on which he was being invalided home from the United States Ship "New York," on which he had made his last cruise.

But the remaining five years of his life were not without many blessings—the love and devotion of his wife, mother and sister, the affection of many friends, and the respect and esteem of all whose lives in any way touched his.

With the resources of an ample fortune he delighted in the wholesome and simple but charming life of his country home on the Hudson. Before owning a home in Saugerties, Mr. and Mrs. Mason passed several summers there in a rented cottage, and had endeared themselves in many ways to the village inhabitants, as well as to the workmen making

alterations on the house. When his own home was completed, and he took possession of it, representatives of the village, headed by the village band, turned out in procession to greet him, and the Mayor made a speech of welcome and presented the key of the village, which he ever after highly prized.

On the day of his funeral all the shops closed their doors as the procession passed, and the bells of the Catholic Church tolled as he was borne on to the little Protestant Church.

Rear Admiral John W. Philip, then in command of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, with several of his staff and a number of officers from the United States Ships "New York" and "Massachusetts" then lying at anchor in the Hudson River, met the funeral cortege and members of the family, at the West Shore railway station at Weehawken. Thence the party proceeded by a Government tug to the foot of 39th Street, Brooklyn, and by carriages to Greenwood.

The friendship between Admiral Philip and Lieutenant-Commander Mason had always been warm and the Admiral headed the list of honorary pall-bearers, the others being Commanders Wadhams, Kennedy, and Storey, and Surgeons McClurg and Bartelott. The Naval escort included the Navy Yard Band, with a company of marines from the Navy Yard and a company of sailors from the "Chicago." It was an impressive sight as the casket, draped with the flag and

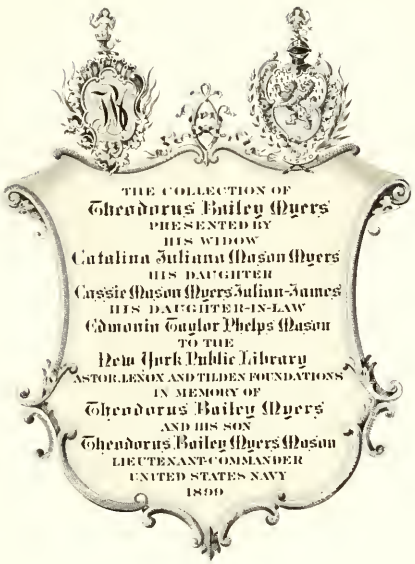
rich floral tributes, was carried across the gang plank by a dozen sturdy sailor lads, and the officers in full dress Naval uniform stood reverently on the forward deck with bared heads. Just below 42nd Street lay the United States Ship "New York" and the United States Ship "Massachusetts." Their flags were at half mast, and as the former vessel was passed, on which Lieutenant-Commander Mason had been executive officer, and whose construction he had carefully superintended at the Cramp's shipyard, the sailors and marines stood at "attention."

Arrived at Greenwood before the mausoleum of the Mason family, and the impressive religious ceremony performed, the draped casket was borne by sailors into the tomb which was so filled with palms and growing plants as to resemble a conservatory.

The family and friends and the Naval officers stood by, at the word of command three volleys were fired, and the bugler mounted the low marble steps. Then, on the soft hazy air of the October afternoon the clear notes of "taps" rang out, giving in the presence of those he had loved, the last touching, solemn, martial "good-night" to this gallant officer and gentleman.

On October 14, 1901, a memorial window erected by his widow was unveiled as an altar piece in the old red brick church at the Naval Academy, Annapolis. In 1903 this chapel was demolished to be replaced by the octagonal white marble chapel of the new Naval Academy. The window was carefully removed and

stored at Annapolis. It is a very beautiful example of Tiffany's best design and workmanship in favril glass. The central figure is Sir Galahad holding before him his sheathed sword, as if about to lay it down. On either side are shadowy figures of angels bearing emblems, their outspread wings forming a canopy over the knight. The lower part of the panel shows the coat of arms of the Mason family and bears the memorial inscription taken from the resolutions sent to his family at his death by the "Sons of the Revolution." The window was unveiled by Lieutenant C. D. Galloway, retired, a life long friend of the deceased officer. An appropriate sermon was preached by Chaplain H. H. Clark, who took for his text the words, "A memorial in the House of the Lord," drawing lessons from the typical life of Sir Galahad of courage, faith and purity which he addressed to the assembled cadets, urging that all these noble qualities go to the building up of a true Christian officer, and were evidenced by the life and services of the late Lieutenant-Commander Mason, whose memory should be cherished, and of whose character the window should ever be a reminder.


THE COLLECTION OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
PRESENTED BY
HIS WIDOW
Catalina Juliana Mason Myers
HIS DAUGHTER
Cassie Mason Myers Julian-James
HIS DAUGHTER-IN-LAW
Edmonia Taylor Phelps Mason
TO THE
New York Public Library
ASTOR, LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
IN MEMORY OF
Theodorus Bailey Myers
AND HIS SON
Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
UNITED STATES NAVY
1899

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF

CASSIE MASON MYERS JULIAN-JAMES

ONE of the first things that I remember, as a child of about four years, was sitting for my portrait painted on ivory by Carline, a deaf and dumb miniature painter of note in New York during the fifties. Watching his brush as he dipped it into the glass of water, and seeing the picture grow I wondered if he brought me out of that glass on his brush—like a gold fish out of an aquarium, and if so, how could I be in the glass as well as seated in my chair? For many years my dear mother wore this little portrait in a brooch.

Later on I had a charming surprise, though it was somewhat marred by my own naughtiness. A doll's house had been prepared for me, furnished throughout by my mother's skillful and loving hands. Its crowning glory was a chandelier with tiny wax candles, and until these were lighted my brother Theodore and I were not to be allowed to play with it. Impatient with this delay, more on his account than my own, I delivered a tirade, which I am told was half in French and half in English. I soon found myself

with my high chair turned to the wall, where I remained for a time for my sins, my small ankle-ties beating an angry tattoo on the little footshelf. But, I believe, my little tempers, though violent, were quickly over.

At Christmas time my mother and "Mamma Mason" trimmed two Christmas trees—one for us, and one for some little orphan children, and throughout her long life my dear mother delighted to celebrate the season in ways that made many hearts happy, both within and outside her family circle.

Under our tree, fairy grottoes, or miniature farms, were set out, a whole magic world of delight to us.

I now mastered two accomplishments, that of placing in their proper order colored wooden blocks on which were painted the letters of the alphabet, and I learned by heart the nursery classic of the "Three Bears." In those days, to "learn one's letters" was the very first step on the path of knowledge; and the hated multiplication table up to twelve times twelve soon followed. When visitors came, I was sometimes summoned from play to exhibit these accomplishments, when little overalls buttoning up in the back would be quickly stripped off and I would appear in dresses embroidered with exquisite skill by my mother, whose beautiful hands I scarcely remember to have seen idle.

I now made one of my first appearances in society at a children's fancy ball given by our neighbor, Mrs. Payne. I was dressed in the complete

costume of a French Marquise, with powder and patches, while my brother, Theodore, two and a half years older, appeared as a Scottish Chief.

Lost in the crowd of older children I was lifted and placed upon the piano beside a little boy dressed as a Marquis, no taller than myself.

When urged to walk in to supper side by side, we took our places in the procession of children moving slowly toward the dining room to the accompaniment of the march from Verdi's Lucia, music so associated in those days with childish festivities that it still calls up visions to my mind of ices and fancy cakes. I found great fault with my little partner because, as I explained to my mother, he "did not know how to c'ook his arm."

Years later, in Paris, he and I met on Mr. Frederick Munroe's coach, when I was chaperoning a party of friends to Versailles.

I was attracted by the voice of Mr. Gerald Hoyt, who sat behind me, and as we passed one of the hotels on the Champs Elysées, and he was informed that it belonged to the daughter of Mrs. Payne, he remarked that that name was associated with one of his earliest recollections—his first ball—when he was so small that he had been lifted to view the scene from the top of the piano. I then recognized the little Marquis, and when, greatly to his surprise, I laughingly asked him if he had improved in his manner of offering his arm, there

was general amusement at our respective versions of the incident.

At this time, Broadway was paved with cobblestones over which thundered the Broadway omnibuses drawn by horses. The buildings lining this thoroughfare were usually from two to five stories in height, while those of six stories looked loftily down on most of their neighbors. The steeple of Old Trinity, at the head of Wall Street, now quite submerged by "sky scrapers" towered to a dizzy height and was the first object to be seen from the deck of incoming steamers.

The most facinating shop on all Broadway, as many people who where then children would agree, was Philipotteau's on the southwest corner of Nineteenth Street, a modest wooden house, with slanting roof and dormer windows, presided over by a genial old Frenchman and his wife. The door was reached by two little wooden steps leading to a platform on which at Christmas time stood Santa Claus with a Christmas tree in his arms. In the windows, with small square panes and solid wooden shutters, were displayed the simple toys that then delighted childish eyes. Among them were no wonderful models of mechanism run by steam or electricity, but I am sure we had as much pleasure in these toys, for their slight resemblance to what they were supposed to represent gave such free play to the imagination.

There were small wooden horses, with a few wisps of hair for tails and bodies painted in surpris-

ing colors—a polka dot pattern, usually red, being most popular; donkeys with panniers and wobbling heads, rigid white china dolls with staring eyes, flat painted curls and boots to match—all very black and shining.

Noah's Arks were my delight and were the only toys with which we were allowed to play on Sundays. The roof lifted up, and we extracted the little wooden men and women, trees, animals and birds all of uniform height and arranged them in procession in quaint illustration of the Story of the Flood. Mr. and Mrs. Noah could not be distinguished from their sons and daughters, or from each other,—for they were much like firecrackers in shape, with flat splinters of wood glued to their sides for arms, and round, thick wooden hats shading their featureless little pink faces.

Story books had bright covers and pictures done in crude primary colors,—and all children knew by heart the Mother Goose Rhymes, Jack the Giant-Killer, Puss in Boots, Red Riding-Hood, the Three Bears, and other facinating and implicitly credited tales.

Round glass jars, with metal covers, were filled with sticks of pink and white peppermint candy, and jujube paste was rolled and cut off with shears, by measure.

There were then no Brooklyn Bridges, no subways, no Statue of Liberty, and the city of New

York was confined to Manhattan Island, below Central Park, which was then being planned and laid out. Small ferry boats carried passengers to Brooklyn and to far-off Staten Island, on which were situated many lovely summer homes. If a theater party from those distant shores delayed its supper at Delmonico's until too late for the midnight boat a tug had to be chartered—not always an easy matter—or, failing this, the alternative remained of staying in New York in evening dress until the day boats began to run.

In about 1856 there lived and flourished in New York a dancing master named Charrieo. He was to be seen in the morning, wearing full evening dress, talking with animation and gesticulating with his bow—his violin under his arm. I have a distinct recollection of being presented at an early age to this rather formidable personage, in his dancing hall, a long room, with many windows, probably on the corner of Eleventh Street and Broadway. It was reached by an entrance on the side street, up long stairs of an uncompromising steepness, that seemed to little feet as unending as Jacob's ladder.

At the top was a cloak room lined with square boxes to hold the little overcoats, leggings, mittens and broad brimmed plumed hats of the little dancers.

A square, four-legged piano, of tinny tone, formed the orchestra, when accompanied by the violin of the professor. He placed our hands on a

bar extending the length of the room, and to the slow notes of the octave little feet were raised higher and higher, then slowly lowered to the floor. This was done over and over, until the pupils could keep their balance and do without support, when a polka was allowed, and the little boys presented themselves as partners. Quadrilles followed, including the long popular "Lanciers," and the afternoon ended with the Virginia Reel.

Other hours were devoted to calisthenics, taught by the excellent Miss Plum. The girls wore bright scarlet Garibaldi waists, named in honor of the great Italian patriot, buttoned down the front and at the wrists with small round gilt buttons. With these were worn full striped skirts, with a band at the hem to match the waist.

My blouse was copied from that of a doll brought from Paris in the time of Napoleon III and his beautiful Empress Eugenie, which, with its trousseau, was the exact replica of one at the Paris Exposition presented to the little Prince Imperial.

In later years, at Lenox, I was once asked if I remembered Miss Plum and the chalk lines she marked on the floor for our feet, and how the boys used to try to jump into those that would place them beside their favorite partners.

Still other afternoons were passed at the Riding Academy of Mrs. Dickel, a martial and imposing person, wearing a Kossuth hat and long feathers.

The orders she called out in a masculine voice, and with military abruptness, were promptly obeyed by her class of children, for the ponies were well trained to go through the drills, whether according to or against the wills of their young riders. But the maneuvers were always admired, and thought to show extraordinary skill by the fond parents who looked on. My brother and I, who had early been taught to ride by our grandfather, Sidney Mason, were absolutely at home on horse-back, and when music was introduced and we were sometimes placed at the head of the line, our little hearts beat with pleasure.

The sewing lesson, a love for which had not been inherited, filled distressful hours—made bearable only by listening at the same time to stories read aloud by the governess.

Our home on the corner of Eighteenth Street and Fifth Avenue was almost a detached villa, for I can recall but one house between it and the top of Murray Hill at about Fortieth Street. Opposite to our house was an open field in which was pastured a cow, but later, a pretty Gothic Church and the house of August Belmont were built there to be in their turn replaced by the many storied business building of Arnold & Constable.

One of the houses associated with childish delights was that of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce on Broadway opposite to Astor Place then about the center of social activities.

The grown daughters, Miss Catherine and Miss

Matilda delighted in giving pleasure to the children of their friends, and as their house was on the line of march for all processions of soldiers or the Fire Brigade which were of frequent occurrence, my brother and I were often invited to view them from Mrs. Bruce's windows.

Chairs with cushions were carefully placed for us to kneel on, with our little bare knees, and smaller cushions made to fit the window sills were for our chins to rest on, as, with noses pressed against the glass, we joyfully awaited the music of the band. First, always came the policemen, wearing long dark blue double-breasted coats, with gilt buttons, flat military caps upon their heads, and wooden night sticks dangling from their leather belts.

These were followed by a line stretching from curb to curb of sappers and miners shouldering hatchets and wearing leather aprons and tall fur caps, and then, finest of all, the band, headed by such a Drum Major as no child could forget, his long baton finished with a shining ball flung high in the air and caught and twirled with a skill known only to him.

And oh, the joy of seeing the City Troops, the Seventh Regiment of militia and the Zouaves in their Turkish costume of scarlet and blue and gold.

The old Hand Brigade of the Fire Department was made up of companies of men who always at the sound of the fire bells left no matter what entertainment to join their comrades, bringing with

them water buckets made of leather, with rope handles, on which were painted in bright colors the initials of the owners. These men wore a costume including black trousers, red shirts, and helmets of glazed black leather with brims extending far behind over the shoulders, and in front a metal shield bearing the number of the fire company. In these parades the favored beaux were often seen carrying bouquets of the round stiff variety of the day, surrounded by a flounce of paper lace and tied with floating ribbons. Companies vied with one another in the floral decorations of their engines which were dragged over the cobble-stone by many men tugging at the long ropes, the burnished metal glistening in the sun.

But of all the procession the charming vivandière appealed to us most in her military costume consisting of a bright, braided jacket, short ample skirts, coming to her neat shoe tops, a scarlet cap on her head, and her little keg slung across her shoulder, under her arm. These girls were often the orphan daughters of former comrades, educated at the expense of the company at the best schools and carefully watched over. Under the Metropolitan Hotel on Lower Broadway was the first theater of which I remember to have heard, Niblo's Garden. Here we saw, the Ravels, a family of remarkable acrobats in a play called "Jocko, the Educated Ape" who delighted us with his antics, and here we first made the acquaintance of Pierrot and Columbine.

We were taken also to the Astor Place Opera House to hear Mario and Grisi "so that we might say in after years that we had heard them."

A few drives were finished in the new Central Park which was now first opened to the public, and month by month new beauties appeared, bridges, the mall with its rows of newly set out trees, rustic summer houses, groups of statuary presented by public spirited citizens, the beautiful lake on which a Venetian gondola was floating, and the fine stone terrace reached by a broad staircase at the foot of which played the great bronze fountain of Bethesda, representing "the Angel troubling the pool." The road surrounding the reservoir became a favorite race track for my grandfather and me when his Kentucky thoroughbred and my pony went round it, as I then believed, at full speed. Houses were being rapidly built on Fifth Avenue, and it became the fashionable street for residences which lined either side. From Washington Square to Central Park not a place of business appeared for many years.

One can truthfully say that no where in the world existed so long a street composed of residences of such a character. I remember being taken in the carriage to study my lessons, a means of keeping me in the open air, while my mother and Mrs. Mason returned their visits stopping at almost every house between Washington and Madison Squares. The house of Mrs. John C. Green on the north side of Washington Square was a typical one of red brick with high white stone steps

and white trimmings. From Mrs. Green's Staten Island home we often received a small trunk filled with flowers and accompanied by loving messages, and it was a delight to watch the unpacking of the trays filled with all choice flowers. I wondered why my grandfather's conservatory opening out of the dining-room did not offer the same varieties, but he explained to me that only hardy plants such as azalias and camelias could bear the temperature of the house, for the drawing-room also opened into it.

Kindergardens had not yet been introduced, but when it was thought time for me to go to school I was sent as a day scholar to Miss Gibson's Select School for Young Ladies, an establishment kept by three sisters of absolutely differing types.

At our wooden desks, with lifting covers and small ink wells, we sat on wooden chairs, dos à dos, while down the aisles once a week walked the writing master, correcting our copy books with a large pencil, in the end of which appeared a jewel as big as the Kohinoor. As he leaned over the desks opposite to our own we thought it an unfailing joke to wipe our pens on the long coat tails temptingly within reach, for like the dancing master he always appeared in full evening dress.

Lessons in those days were studied as irksome tasks and were not imparted in a way to give pleasure as in modern days.

So, when the youngest Miss Gibson rang the bell

for recess it was always a welcome sound. Lunch backets were opened and special friends formed groups and exchanged goodies, for any other girl's lunch seemed always to taste so much better than our own.

I can remember being sent out by the older girls to a near by cake shop—Dean's, to buy the sponge cake for which he is still, I believe, famous. This I thought an exciting adventure for I was never supposed to go into the street unaccompanied.

Our summers were happily passed at my father's country home, Elm Spring, close to what is now Van Cortlandt Park. In the summer of 1908, the dear old stone house was still standing, unchanged in appearance, as I drove past it with my Aunt Charlotte and my Cousin Frances, when paying them a visit at their home in Yonkers.

A new era seemed to begin when I reached the age of about fifteen, for at that time the nucleus of the dancing class afterwards known as the F. C. D. C.—Family Circle Dancing Class, was formed by a few ladies who wished to bring together the young people who would later meet in society. The first dance was given at the house of Mrs. Adrian Iselin, and I remember that I went to it rather reluctantly, little knowing how the first strains of the "Blue Danube," the attraction of having partners, and of being engaged for dances several weeks in advance would charm me and throw childish pleasures in the shade.

On arriving, my shyness was not disminished by

finding that the other girls wore their hair turned up in older fashion, while mine was in two long braids which my brother called pig-tails. But such trifles were soon forgotten, for I was asked by my host to be his partner for the German, and after replying somewhat ungraciously that I supposed I should have to—we laugh about it still—I entered fully into the spirit of the evening and enjoyed it to my heart's content.

The following are a few of the members of the class whose names I recall, and it is perhaps natural that I remember those of my partners better than those of the other girls. There were Miss Iselin, afterward Mrs. DeLancey Kane, the Misses Hamersley, and their brother Hooker, Miss Beekman and her brothers, Florence Field, afterwards Mrs. John E. Parsons, Margaret Livingston, the Schemerhorns, the Richmonds, Johnston de Peyster, Robert Livingston, John Griswold, Frank Hollins, William Waldorf Astor, Gerald Hoyt, George Morgan, James J. Van Alen, and many others. My brother Theodore was not of the number, for he had already entered the Naval Academy.

As the winter went on, and flowers and bonbonnieres began to appear, it was evident to my family that I was thinking more of such things than of my studies, and when Mrs. Mason's health required her to visit a warmer climate, I accompanied her and my mother to the West Indies.

In these days the islands were in their glory,

for the troubles with Spain had not become acute. Old Spanish customs prevailed, and life for the upper classes was one of luxury and easy-going enjoyment.

We visited first the Island of Porto Rico, my mother's birthplace, which had changed but little since she left it, a little girl, to come to the United States with her parents and little brother, Alphonso, to be placed at school.

We now visited the homes of Mr. George Lattimer, a business associate of my grandfather, Sidney Mason. At his house in San Juan, and on his plantation, San Isidro, he did all in his power to make the visit of the three American ladies agreeable, having, in anticipation of our coming, even sent to England for a pony carriage, which was put at our disposal.

I well remember our arrival at Porto Rico, when, very early one beautiful morning, we cast anchor before the walls of San Juan.

Small boats surrounded the steamer and swarms of dark figures, gesticulating and smiling, offered their services to row us ashore. Under the care of Mr. Lattimer, who had come out to the ship to meet us, we soon arrived at the stone steps leading from the water to the wharf. It was Sunday, and such a din of jangling bells as were ringing for mass from all the churches I have never since heard equalled. After a short drive we reached a large house almost overhanging the city wall.

It was built in Spanish fashion round a patio in which were bright flowers and a fountain. Against the wall in cages hung parrots with gay plumage whose cries mingled with the clamor of the bells. The long drawing room windows opened upon a gallery extending the length of the house, overlooking the bay. Below the wall, near the water stood my grandfather's old counting house of Mason & Thompson and across the water lay his plantation of Santa Catalina.

This house, now known, I am told, as the Pink Palace was formerly the home of my grandfather and here my dear mother was born. As she looked about at well remembered objects many quaint memories revived, for here, down these very steps leading to the street, she used to go to school followed by her own little slave girl carrying her work bag. She sat beside the teacher on a small yellow chair and what was taught to one was taught to the other. In the cabinet at the National Museum may be seen beautiful drawn work made by the skillful fingers of the little slave, as well as samples worked by her young mistress.

A miniature painted at this time shows a little bright eyed girl wearing a white dress and red shoes, holding out a rose which she seems to be offering to those who look at her.

On Sundays, after mass, Catalina and her brother were often taken to pass the day at the palace of the Governor of the Island, a Spanish General related to their mother. On longer journeys, to the plantations,

the children were carried in panniers hanging on either side of a donkey or a pony.

On the morning after our arrival we were greeted by one of the shocks of earthquake so common in those Islands. But it was so soon over that we were scarcely disturbed by the swaying of our beds under their long mosquito netting, and we did not see the people who rushed into the streets and fell on their knees in prayer.

My mother's aunt, the Marquesa de la Esperanza gave a ball in our honor, at which she insisted on my being allowed to appear, though she regretted my youthful appearance, for I was to dance in the opening quadrille with a visiting foreigner of distinction, the eldest son of the Prince of Monaco. The house was an ideal one for a ball, and was considered the finest in San Juan. The rooms were of imposing size and height, the floors of marble, and outside the ball room was a loggia, between whose pillars and arches one looked out upon the sea. I have lately heard that the building is now used as a warehouse, and the only trace of former glories is seen in some fine wrought iron work over one of the doors, into which is introduced the coat of arms, surmounted by the coronet, of the original owners.

We now went to Mr. Lattimer's plantation San Isidro where we greatly enjoyed the early morning rides, sometimes rising before dawn. The side-saddle

provided for me by our kind host was trimmed with red velvet and gold lace, and suggested the circus.—an example of native art that did not entirely please my taste; nor did I admire the arrangement of the furniture. To Mr. Lattimer's amusement and with his entire approval I rearranged everything according to our fashion in New York. But I afterwards learned that in so doing I had set at naught established West Indian custom.

The house at San Isidro was placed on a commanding point, over-looking miles of sugar plantations, the smoke of the refineries rising in the distance. It was approached by many steps and terraces covered with flowers.

The morning glories, though perhaps not larger than those to which we are accustomed were far more beautiful, and the sensitive plant and the beef-eater were new and curious. We liked to flip our riding whips in the air to see the leaves of the former curl up, and the latter would close its flowers over bits of meat that were fed to it.

But I disliked the pretty little lizards and often resigned to them inviting benches.

The house, like a bungalow, had no upper story, simply an air space between ceiling and roof. One night I thought I heard mysterious footsteps over head. On learning in the morning that a large snake kept as a rat catcher inhabited the space, the complete enjoyment of my visit was henceforth marred. The heat of the day

on the plantation was passed indoors in shaded rooms, and refreshing drinks were served, made from the oranges, lemons and limes that grew in profusion round the house, bearing blossoms at the same time. A delicious salad was made from the heart of the palm tree, but to serve this dish, a tree had always to be sacrificed.

In the evening, the slaves were often summoned from the Punta to dance for us on the terrace.

They carried curious musical instruments shaped out of gourds. Grooves cut in them were scraped with bits of metal marking the time set by the bomba, a large drum. The women wore simple cotton dresses and bright colored turbans. The men wore little clothing, and looked like bronze statues, reminding me of the natives that I saw at Honolulu on my journey round the world in 1906. The children wore little trunks made of coffee sacking and large pointed straw hats.

All seemed strong and healthy and devoted to their master, who appeared kind to them, treating them to olives and cocoanut milk which seemed to delight them. The dances, as I remember them, seemed to be movements of the arms and body rather than the feet.

I now said good bye to Porto Rico and sailed for Cuba with my mother, Mrs. Mason, and our faithful Sarah, who followed our footsteps for many years in many lands. After a few days on the steamer, we found ourselves on the wonderful blue waters of

the Carribean Sea, in the harbor of Santiago, under the walls of the Moro Castle so famous in the summer of 1898 in our war with Spain.

Every ship, on entering the harbor was challenged by a Spanish guard in uniform, who shouted his questions through a long horn, that reminded me of the trumpets formerly carried by the New York firemen. This was repeated by other guards at every turning of the passage until the quaint city of Santiago lay before us against its background of blue sky and palm trees.

We were greeted at the landing by our host, Don José Bueno y Blanco, a member of the Spanish Cortes. Quickly driven in two volantes to his house, we met his wife and daughters who were henceforth to be my life long friends. Silvanita married a nephew of Pope Pius IX, became Countess Pecci and went to Rome, where we often renewed our acquaintance in after years. The Bueno house stood on the corner of the street, opposite to the Cathedral, and, at the side was a large and beautiful garden. The wall around it was surmounted by an iron railing, and steps on the garden side led to the top, where we three girls—Silvanita, Letitia and myself—had infinite amusement in watching the people going in and out of the Cathedral. The long windows of the Cuban houses, through which much courting was done, were not glazed, but furnished with iron bars, inside of which were

wooden shutters, and curtains—but these were rarely drawn. The Cuban volantes were a charming novelty to me, with their two wheels, silver lamps and wide seat holding three persons, drawn by two handsome yellow mules with many silver trappings. One mule was harnessed in the long shafts and led by the calesero seated on the other mule running by its side. The calesero was a pictureque figure wearing spurs and long boots coming well above the knee over the white breeches, a braided jacket with many buttons, and a wide brimmed pointed hat.

There was no more attractive sight at sunset than that presented by the drive thronged with volantes, their tops thrown back, showing to advantage the three ladies who usually rode in them wearing flowing ruffled skirts, high combs, lace mantillas fastened with a single rose, their dark eyes and brilliantly colored fans in eloquent motion. The state volantes were always placed in the entrance hall by the doorway which was flush with the street and built with an alcove for the purpose.

Early in the morning delicious coffee was served in our rooms, an egg being dropped into the cup and beaten with a curiously fashioned stick. At noon, the family and their guests met at an elaborate breakfast at which friends often joined them informally. Desserts, in the form of delicious little cakes and tarts were served from house to house by colored women, gaily dressed, bearing trays upon their

heads, covered with long, fringed, drawn-work napkins, and crying as they entered "¿Quién quiere cosas dulces?"

The hour of the siesta, between breakfast and the drive, was passed indoors or in the patio. The children at their lessons, the ladies in light attire gathering together with sewing or embroidery, for Spanish ladies are excellent needlewomen and make much of their own lingerie.

On returning from the drive a supper or high tea was served after which visitors were received.

The hostess usually sat between the windows on a cane sofa mounted in mahogany, while the guests sat in rocking chairs facing one another in two lines down the room.

The lighting came usually from candelabra of massive silver furnished with thick wax candles protected by tall crystal shades, often three feet in height. These were placed on mahogany tables against the walls. The floors in the best houses, and often the walls, were of marble so fashioned that the hose could be played upon them.

At about nine o'clock some one would ask the hostess if she were not going to the musica, when all would rise and stroll over to the public square. Servants would have gone before to place rugs and chairs, and there seemed to exist a sort of unwritten law by which people found themselves in certain recognized places night after night. A delightful hour was

now passed in the open air listening to the music of the band, walking about, admiring the flowers and visiting other groups of friends.

Dances were often given at the gentlemen's club or at private houses—people having ballrooms receiving on certain nights.

One of the entertainments arranged for us was an excursion to visit a number of sugar plantations belonging to friends of our host and hostess.

Soon after sunrise one morning a party of about twenty ladies and gentlemen left Santiago mounted on horses, while a few, my mother among the number, preferred to drive in volantes.

Arriving at the plantation long before noon we found every thing in readiness for us, and at the breakfast hour the merry party met, rested and refreshed. Chatting, dancing, and listening to music until the cool of the afternoon, then we would visit the plantation to see the sugar making. In the evening we had more music and dancing, tableaux-vivants, recitations and a very charming diversion called a *melopea*—the reciting of verses accompanied by music. This we once introduced with success at a musicale that we gave in New York for which Korbiel arranged the music of "Trovatore" to accompany Owen Meredith's poem "Aux Italiens."

When we first arrived in Santiago we found the Spanish fleet at anchor, commanded by Admiral Mendez Nunez on his flagship, the historic "Almanca."

The officers, who had received many courtesies, had given a number of delightful dances on shipboard and now, the arrival of the three American ladies furnished a welcome excuse for giving another ball, this time in their honor.

Possessing no long dresses at this time, a friend of my mother, who had visited us in "the States," sent me a white tarletan ball dress, made by her own fair hands and those of the needlewomen of her household. A light blue sash was worn across one shoulder in the manner of a decoration, and a wreath of small pink roses placed on one side of my head completed my toilet on the, to me, important occasion of appearing in my first long dress. It was a brilliant moonlight night when we found ourselves at the quay, where gaily decorated and cushioned boats were waiting to take us out to the flagship. Up a companionway, covered with bunting we mounted to the quarterdeck, which had been transformed into a scene of fairy-like beauty.

A fountain threw water high into the air which fell back into a basin in which were sporting wonderful colored fish taken from the bay. Tropical birds were suspended in cages, and everywhere were palms, flowers and plants of every sort.

In a two storied bower were stationed the ship's band and that of the Club, playing alternately. Between these bowers in colored lights, appeared the name "CASSIE," and great was the pleasure of the

"Pollita Americana," as my Cuban friends called me, when taken on the arm of the Admiral to inspect this pretty compliment. My attention was also called to the music of a contra dansa then being played which had been composed and named "The Cassie" in my honor. It is an adaptation of the melody of Dixie, and my friends tell me it is still played in Cuba. Waltzes and polkas, in which I was continually lifted off my feet, followed one another in a mad whirl, while the Spanish Officers continued to present themselves as partners whose names I recognized years afterwards in our Spanish War at the end of the century.

The Cuban climate proved of so much benefit to my grandmother, Mrs. Mason, that she returned for six weeks the following winter, taking me with her.

This time, Cuba did not seem to me so foreign, for I had almost unconsciously learned to speak Spanish in the companionship of Silvanita and Letitia Bueno, whose daily lessons with French and Spanish professors I had shared. The older people spoke French or English fluently, for almost without exception, they had been educated abroad.

On our way to Santiago, the steamer touched at Manzanilla, where my fate unexpectedly awaited me in the person of Mr. Julian James who sat quietly fishing on the dock. On recognizing us, he at once boarded the ship, and I was struck with his

immaculate and attractive appearance, notwithstanding his very old coat and a Panama hat.

He decided at a moment's notice to take our steamer, and after we reached Santiago, he joined, as often as he dared, the little party which he was always sure of finding in the old Bueno garden, or on the daily rides accompanied by the German governess.

As he confided to me after our marriage, Julian always stationed his man where he could inform him as to the direction followed by the party on horseback and it sometimes took some maneuvering to be able to meet them coming at a decorous pace from an opposite direction.

After six enchanted weeks, whose significance I scarcely realized, we sailed for home, a voyage of eleven days. Reaching the steamer on the morning of our departure we found ourselves half buried in flowers and fruits, sent by our kind Spanish friends, who added birds in cages and even the horse I had been accustomed to ride, for which a stall on the ship had been built. But this last gift was returned with gracious thanks. The voyage was a rough one and many of the birds died, for we encountered a terrible gale; our state-rooms were flooded, and into them floated cages and parrots—but fortunately not the horse, which had been wisely returned. After putting in at Delaware Breakwater for coal and repairs, we arrived in New York in time to take

the train for West Point, in order to be present at the graduating exercises of the classes of 1868. The Army and the Navy received their diplomas together that year, and the two corps drawn up in dress parade, having just finished their competative drills, made a brilliant scene; but the experiment was never repeated.

My dress for these festivities was of white muslin over blue silk, my brother's class colors. The sailor hat was decorated with an anchor—his gift—and a pea jacket gave the final unmistakably naval stamp to the toilet I found prepared for me, at my brother's suggestion, by my darling mother. Now came my introduction to the beauties of West Point—not neglecting "flirtation walk." Warned by older heads against the danger of contracting the button fever, I translated the word into French and accepted it literally—at first. My card for the ball had been made out by my brother, the names of midshipmen and cadets alternating, and these young men were chosen with such care that they remained by life-long friends as well as my brother's. Well do I remember the button favor figure, when with buttons dangling from my dress in all directions I looked up and saw my friend Mr. James who had driven over from his father's country place at Cold Spring across the river. At that moment ended all fear of what I now understood to be the button fever, for I was much piqued that Mr. James did not ask me to

dance--a wise stroke of diplomacy on his part, however. From this evening dated his warm friendship with my brother whose admiration for Mr. James did that young man's suit no harm.

On our return to New York I often rode in the park with my grandfather, when Mr. James began to join us after his Cuban fashion, often appearing from the opposite direction driving tandem or riding his spirited horse, Cragside.

Later, we went to Saratoga and my grandfather's horses were sent up the river by boat as far as Hudson when they were driven and ridden by way of Mechanicsville and Ballston Spa.

At Saratoga the favorite drive was to the Lake, with a visit to Moon's for cornucopias of spotless white paper filled with the wafer-like fried potatoes known as Saratoga chips, which were enjoyed and eaten from the paper, a glass of lemonade and two straws being served with them. Mr. James, as he afterward confessed, had taken rooms at the foot of the hill on which stood the Clarendon Hotel, where we were stopping, since the United States Hotel had been burned and not yet rebuilt.

Tribes of genuine Indians, wearing a modified native dress, were a feature of many resorts in those days, and a walk to their camp, near Saratoga, was one of our amusements. Here could be bought colored baskets in all shapes and sizes, miniature canoes of birch bark, moccasins skillfully embroidered with

porcupine quills and beads dyed in the richest blues, greens, scarlets, yellows and purples. Small birch bark boxes containing a moist maple sugar, so dear to children, as were the plush pin cushions and boxes decorated with shells and bits of looking-glass—all of a barbaric ugliness not without charm. There were real Indian bows and arrows with which we often shot at targets, and we all took lessons in fan and basket making.

A great attraction at Saratoga was the circular railway on which two little cars were worked by hand, and many were the exciting races enjoyed on it. The dances at the summer hotels, called hops, were given in the large airy, unadorned ball rooms at one end of which were platforms for the musicians. Chairs three rows deep were placed round the walls for those who wished to look on. The first two weeks in September were usually passed at West Point, when old Cousin's hotel was filled with a coterie of friends from New York who engaged their rooms in advance from year to year.

I still remember with delight the wonderful moonlight nights on the broad verandas overlooking the river and yachts lying at anchor. On board these pleasure craft delightful fêtes were constantly given, though there was little sailing, for the windings of the river and the variable winds, would have made the hour of return uncertain. Many of these yachts belonged to the New York Yacht Club, of which my father was an early member.

Before the doors of the hotel every afternoon appeared a line of well mounted private carriages, ready to take their owners to "the Point."

Among them were T carts and buggies for the bachelors, an occasional heavy family barouche, basket phaetons and dog carts.

At this season of the year the foliage became brilliant with the famous autumnal tints seen to perfection in the trees that lined both banks of the river.

On the fifteenth of September tents were furled, figuratively speaking, and there was a general exodus to New York, where schools were ready to open.

In the evenings. Mr. George Bend had usually led the cotillions that were nightly danced by New York's younger set, and now came the last one of the season, at which, to my delight, I was for once allowed to dance, and my partner was Mr. James.

The next morning I returned to Mrs. Blie's, whose school was attended by some sixteen young girls, among whom were the Misses Forbes, Schemerhorn, Gandy, Stone, Kane, Spencer, Griswold of Troy, and others, including my life-long friend, Mrs. Hyde.

We girls formed also a singing class taught by George William Warren, the organist and composer, for so many years connected with St. Thomas Church at Fifth Avenue and 53rd Street.

There were real American Beauties among these girls. One morning there was a flutter in this dove-

cote when Cassie arrived for school, in Mr. James' dog cart, their engagement having just been announced. The marriage took place the following Spring.

JULIAN JAMES

1844–1870

JULIAN, son of Julia and Frederick P. James, was born in New York on August 7th, 1844, in the summer cottage of his parents, just beyond 100th Street, overlooking the Hudson, on what is now known as the Riverside Drive, New York.

His short life was filled with all the beauty and happiness with which fond parents and ample means could endow it, and he showed himself worthy of their care and affection. His friends bear witness to his high ideals, scholarly mind, wide reading, and love for all manly sports; to his courage in positions of danger and trust, and to his popularity with his class in Columbia College, that of 1865, of which he was Vice-President. He was a graduate of the School of Mines.

He was Second Lieutenant in the Fifth New York State Volunteers, and was on the Roll of Honor of the Seventh Regiment, with which he went to the Civil War.

He was aide-de-camp to Brigadier General G. K. Warren, in which service he carried despatches through the lines, holding the papers in his teeth, and having a horse shot under him. His gallantry was praised in letters to his father by General Sherman and other

distinguished officers. He was invalided to Washington from General Warren's staff, and when able to return to his home, "Cragside," at Cold Spring, opposite to West Point, he took up his studies and was graduated with his class, thus in two years accomplishing the work of four. After recovering from typhoid fever, through which illness he was tenderly nursed by his mother, he sailed, accompanied by a doctor, for the West Indies.

Here he met Miss Cassie Mason Myers, who, with her grandmother, Mrs. Sidney Mason, was visiting Spanish friends in Cuba.

On the 17th of June, 1869, at her grandfather's home, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and 18th Street, New York City, they were married by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Cooke, rector of St. Bartholomew's Church, then on the corner of La Fayette Place and Great Jones Street.

The bridegroom's steam yacht, "Fire-fly," lay ready to take them up the Hudson to his father's estate, opposite to West Point, where, under the shadow of old "Crow's Nest," they passed a delightful summer. They were met at the station by Mr. James' man, Sam Smith, who, until his death in Washington, forty years later, most faithfully served Mrs. Julian-James and her parents. In the home in Washington Sam always delighted to serve the former friends of his young master, John Hay and Bishop Satterlee.

At the home of Mr. James' parents, 400 Fifth Avenue, on the eve of his departure with his bride for the West Indies, he succumbed to an illness contracted during his service in the Civil War. He was placed in the James' family vault, at Cold Spring, where a chapel was later erected to his memory and that of his brother, Frederick.

The following resolutions were adopted at a special meeting of members of his class in 1870:

Whereas, the hand of Death has removed from us our friend and classmate, JULIAN JAMES,

Resolved, That as fellow-countrymen, we mourn the loss of one who, as a soldier, gallantly devoted his best energies to the suppression of rebellion, in the arduous and self-sacrificing performance of which patriotic duty were sown the seeds of disease which caused his death.

Resolved, That as warm friends and classmates, we grieve for one whose noble and generous character won the love, admiration and esteem of all who knew him, and in whom honor, virtue and manhood united to mark and grace a Christian gentleman.

Resolved, That, recognizing in his loss the hand of God, we tender his sorrowing family our deep and earnest sympathy.

LENOX SMITH
WILLIAM GILLMAN LOW
JOHN MOORE HEFFERNAN
HENRY RUTGERS BEEKMAN
Committee

On Fifth Avenue, one day when I was walking home from school, I saw passing me a dog-cart with a fair, handsome man and a very pretty young girl, my cousin Cassie and her future husband.

Shortly after, one Sunday, they stopped at our home on their way from church. I remember how sweetly she looked, the rose in her hat just above the left ear, how brightly he talked, and how supremely happy they seemed, so well suited, one so dark, the other so fair. From time to time I saw them, and then came the wedding. How eagerly we anticipated it, how beautiful it seemed to us, my sister and me.

Often I have stood beneath the memorial window in St. Bartholomew's Church, New York, and looked at his name, and thought of him whose life was so brief, whose memory has been so enduring.

On the wall of the home in Washington hangs a painting which I admire more than almost any of my cousin's possessions—the portraits of a young girl and her lover.

So I think of them together, though one I knew so slightly, the other has been an inspiration and a guide through life—and I know that some day I shall see them again together as they look out at me now from the picture on the wall.

FRANCES ALICE JACKSON.

July 26th, 1907.

SIDNEY MASON

1799-1871

SIDNEY MASON, son of John Mason, was born October 22, 1799. He was a direct descendant of Captain Hugh Mason, who came to this country from Ipswich, England, in 1634, and settled in Watertown, now a part of Cambridge, Massachusetts, out of Boston. The old Mason house is still standing inside the grounds of Harvard College, and the tombstones marking the graves of Hugh Mason and of others of the family are the oldest in the Watertown burying ground.

Hugh Mason's son Joseph, born in 1646, had a son Joseph, born in 1688; his son Josiah, born 1734, had a son John, born 1769, who was the father of Sidney Mason and his two brothers, Alphonso and John.

Major John Mason, the father of Sidney Mason, the subject of this sketch, was prominently identified with the municipal affairs of Gloucester, Massachusetts.

He had a strong will and striking traits of character which were inherited by his son Sidney. The latter at the age of twelve years, said to his father that he wished to be confirmed, and that he then thought it time he went to Boston in search of employment by

which he might be able to support himself. The boy's mother had died when he was a child and his father had married again. Obtaining his parent's consent, Sidney set forth on the stage coach, running between Gloucester and Boston, the driver of which took him to the office of one of the most prominent merchants in that city, and when asked what he would like to do, he replied that he would take any position they would give him.

He was forthwith directed to polish the brasses, which he did with such good will that he remained in the employ of this firm for several years, promoted from time to time, and attaining an important clerkship, after which he went as super-cargo to the West Indies where he at last settled at San Juan, Porto Rico, in 1820.

He was appointed United States Consul at San Juan during the administration of President Jackson, and continued in this service until 1835 when he returned to this country. A copy of the President's commission to him as Consul at San Juan is now on file at the State Department in Washington.

While residing in Porto Rico he married Marequita Benito Dorado, the daughter of Señor Don José Dorado and Señora Doria Catalina Dorado, who came from old Spain.

Mrs. Mason was considered remarkable for her beauty, grace of manner, and charming, lovable disposition.

In 1835 Mr. Mason returned to America, bringing with him his wife and his two children, whom he wished to place at school. He fitted out one of his sailing vessels for this purpose and furnished it with all possible comforts. The voyage passed safely, but the harsh New England climate proved too severe for Mrs. Mason—a delicate tropical flower transplanted. She survived it but a short time, dying at Gloucester, Massachusetts, where she is buried. A monument to her memory bears her name and that of her little son, Alphonso Sidney, who died at the age of twelve years when at school in New York.

After the death of his young wife, Mr. Mason gave up all business interests and placing his little daughter Catalina in the Convent of Mount Benedict, Charlestown, Massachusetts, and his son Alphonso Sidney, at Peugnet's then famous school for boys in New York, set forth on an extended tour of Europe. In London he caused to be built for his use a traveling carriage which could be transported over the mountain passes on the backs of mules; for traveling was then less easy, though much more picturesque than now. Several years were passed in restlessly going from place to place through Germany, France, Switzerland, Spain and Italy, until the sad news of the death of his only son brought him to America once more.

He arrived to learn of a second loss, that of his brother Alphonso, who had hastened to New York on news of his nephew's illness and in returning to

Boston went down on the ill-fated steamer, "Lexington." Upon Mr. Mason's return to the United States, he took up his residence in New York, and removing his daughter from Miss Willard's famous school in Troy, he placed her at the Misses McClennachan's, not far from his home, which he now established at Number 3 College Place.

The house was filled with old furniture and beautiful pictures brought from Europe, also portraits painted by Anelli of his wife, with a rose in her hair which accentuated her Spanish beauty to perfection; another, of his charming little dark eyed boy whom he had lost; one of the father of his wife in court dress and decorations, and he also possessed a rare library. These treasures made his home one of the most attractive at that time in the city. He was exceedingly fond of horses, and a fine whip, as well as an accomplished rider. He was to be seen daily on horse-back, and later became one of the well known figures on the bridle-paths in Central Park, in whose laying out by Olmsted he was much interested.

Mr. Mason's second wife was Miss Catherine Gartz Robb, of Warrenton, Virginia, a schoolmate of his daughter, and a beautiful and accomplished girl. Shortly after the marriage of his daughter Catalina to Mr. Theodorus Bailey Myers, of New York, Mr. Mason purchased and removed to the house No. 132 Fifth Avenue, next the northwest

corner of 18th Street, which was then becoming a most desirable part of the city. The house, which was built of white marble, became in later years a landmark, when the adjoining property on the corner of 18th Street was added and the house enlarged by the building of a library, billiard-room and conservatory. Mrs. Mason, who was devoted to music, had a sweet voice, and the house was for many years a center for lovers of music. She formed a singing class taught by Albitez comprising the amateur talent of the day, and Mr. Mason was one of the first to have a box at the Opera, then situated at Astor Place.

His home was always one of hospitality where his friends, as well as foreigners of distinction who brought letters of introduction, were entertained.

He was one of the oldest members of the Union Club, then at the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and 21st Street, but he made but one visit to it in the course of a year. This occasion was New Year's Day on which he walked through the rooms, wishing his many friends "A Happy New Year," paid his yearly dues, and walked out, not to appear again for another twelve month. He would then remark that he had done his duty to clubdom, and that he preferred to have his evening game of billiards at home.

The appointments of his house were considered quite perfect. At that time the household included a *chef*, Maillard, a brother of the famous confectioner

of that name, whose establishment still flourishes under the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Broadway and Madison Square, between 23rd and 24th Streets.

There were also a French maid, a butler, Georges Lecaiatel, and his wife, who remained in Mr. Mason's service for thirty years, a laundress, coachman and footman.

The house stood back from Fifth Avenue, with a garden in front enclosed with a high railing finished by spear heads, inside of which were a hedge and trees, giving it the appearance of a villa. While the interior was filled with works of art, and beautiful furniture, some of which was made of mahogany from Porto Rico, and grown on his plantation—Santa Catalina, San Juan, and fashioned from designs selected during his visits to Europe. At the rear of the house was built a model stable where were kept his well known cream colored horses, Fanny and Kate, his Arabian saddle horse, Count, which he brought from the West Indies, his daughter's saddle horse, Duke, and a white pony, Billy, which his brother, John Mason, of Philadelphia, had imported from Porto Rico and which served as a saddle pony to the grandchildren.

In his daily rides, first with his daughter, and later with his grandchildren, Cassie Mason Myers and Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason, he was often joined by his friend George Bancroft, the historian, or by Mr. Olmsted.

Mr. Mason was much interested in the development

of the Metropolitan Museum for so many years housed in a brown stone building on West 14th Street. He was devoted to his home, his wife, daughter and grandchildren, as well as to his son-in-law, Theodorus Bailey Myers. He passed several summers in a cottage in the grounds of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, and at Sharon Springs, thus giving up the summer home on Staten Island.

Mr. Mason was for many years President of the Sixth Avenue Railway—the first street railway inaugurated in New York. Its cars were at first drawn by mules, then by horses, and much later by electricity. On retiring from this position, Mr. Mason was succeeded by his son-in-law, Theodorus Bailey Myers.

For seventeen years Mr. Mason was a Director in the National Fire Insurance Company, as well as in the Manhattan and Home Companies, a Director of the Leather Manufacturers Bank and a prominent member on the Boards of many public institutions.

Although possessed of a strong character, and somewhat stern manner,—he rarely smiled,—Mr. Mason inspired the warm attachment of many friends, and having won a reputation for remarkably good judgment, his advice was often sought.

The intrinsic kindness of his nature was shown in his love for children and animals, and in the confidence he always inspired. He was able to control the most restless horses, and many who were children then, still remember with pleasure the rides

he gave them in his sleigh when driving his four bay horses decked with the solid silver bells having an unusually musical sound, which had been presented to him by a Spanish friend. The sleigh was usually full to overflowing for he always found "room for one more."

His granddaughter, Mrs. Julian-James, recalls a never-to-be-forgotten incident of her childhood which illustrates one of her grandfather's most striking traits,— his business integrity.

It was his strict rule to allow nothing to be worn in his family until paid for. In those days, it was the custom to wear new spring clothes for the first time on Easter Sunday, and the small Cassie had a beautiful hat selected with loving care by her mother and her "Mamma Mason" at Genning's, the fashionable milliner's far down on Broadway. Late on Saturday afternoon the hat arrived, and the little girl carried it with expectant pride to be admired by her grandfather. To her dismay, he at once inquired for the bill, and when a search for it in the box proved fruitless, his face became grave, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Missy,—do you intend to wear that hat to church to-morrow?"

"Why, yes, papa Mason."

"And how will you feel when Mr. Genning looks at you as you sit in the pew and says to himself, 'The hat that that young lady is wearing belongs to me.'"

The child pondered for a moment, and then, conquering her bitter disappointment she replied with an air of resolution which mightily pleased her grandfather, "I do not care to wear Mr. Genning's hat —I will wear my old one."

On Monday morning the little girl was invited by her grandfather to accompany him, with her nurse, Adeline, on his way down town. Children delighted to ride in the lumbering Fifth Avenue omnibus, drawn by horses over the jolting cobble stone pavement, and little Cassie enjoyed the treat till they drew up at Genning's store, under the old Metropolitan Hotel.

On entering, Mr. Mason observed a delighted expression on his granddaughter's face as she gazed at a little imported pink silk parasol displayed in the window. He went to the desk, and making it well understood that in future all bills were to be sent with the purchases, he asked to see the pink parasol, and having its price added to the bill for the hat, he paid for both and handed the parasol to the child, who remembers her delight to this day, as well as the wholesome lesson thus taught.

The return home in another rumbling omnibus was a still more blissful progress.

In those days omnibuses were decorated in the fashion of the time with small oil paintings over the windows and on the panel of the swinging door, which the driver controlled by a strap attached to his

foot. These pictures, probably inspired by the decoration of court carriages and sedan chairs in olden days, were often painted by artists of merit, as pot-boilers, in the beginning of their careers. They filled the spaces now occupied by advertisements—a doubtful improvement on the little landscapes with their blue skies, purple mountains, placid lakes and inevitable boats with white sails faithfully reflected, and the white and scarlet and black daubs of paint which represented the inhabitants of these rustic scenes.

On the 8th of May, 1871, at his home, 130 Fifth Avenue, New York, Sidney Mason's useful, varied, and successful life of seventy-two years came to an end.

The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Cook, of St. Bartholomew's Church, of which Mr. Mason and his family had long been parishioners.

He was carried to Greenwood, where he lies in the Mason mausoleum on Dale Water Lake, Greenwood Cemetery, New York.

HELEN MASON

GENERAL THEODORUS BAILEY

GENERAL THEODORUS BAILEY, son of Lieutenant Colonel John Bailey and his wife, Altie Van Wyck, was born in Peekskill, New York, on October 12, 1758. Theodorus was a family name, it having been borne by members of the Van Wyck family since the marriage of the Reverend Johannis Theodorus Polhemus and Anna, daughter of Cornelius Van Wyck, in 1654. Dr. Polhemus was the first minister of the Dutch Reformed Church on Long Island.

At the age of twenty the young Theodorus was Adjutant of the fourth Regiment Dutchess County Militia, his commission being dated May 28, 1778, and he was again commissioned on promotion to the First Regiment, October 10, 1779. Soon after the war ended he was elected a Representative and served in the 3d, 4th, 6th and 7th sessions of the Federal Congress, 1793-'97; 1799-1803. In 1800-'01, he is said to have been carried to the House of Representatives, being ill, to cast the deciding vote of the New York delegation which prevented the election of Aaron Burr and subsequently brought about that of Jefferson.

In 1803 he was elected United States Senator—but after a year's service at Washington he resigned to accept the office of Postmaster of New York City, in which position he remained until his death September 6, 1828. A writer in the Commercial Advertiser, who evidently knew the Postmaster, speaks of him as "having no enemies and many friends."

He married three times. First, Elizabeth Hoffman, who had four children; second, Rebecca Tallmadge, who had three; and third, Martha McWhorter, who had but one child. Of these eight children, one died on the coast of Africa, one in the Feejee Islands, while a third was lost, with his wife, on the ill-fated "Lyonaise." Three children left descendants: Captain James Bailey, United States Army, who married Miss Hoster; Ann Eliza, who married Arthur Bronson; and Catharine Rebecca, who became Mrs. William Cecil Woolsey.

KATHARINE MIMMACK

REAR-ADMIRAL THEODORUS BAILEY

REAR-ADMIRAL THEODORUS BAILEY was the son of Judge William Bailey and Phoebe Platt, his wife, and was born in Chateaugay, New York, on April 12, 1805. He was named for his uncle, General Theodorus Bailey. He received his early education at the Plattsburg Academy. The excitement caused by McDonough's great victory over the British fleet at Plattsburg, in 1813, turned his mind to the naval service as a future career. In 1818 he became a midshipman and saw his first service off the coast of Africa, later visiting every quarter of the globe. In seven years, between 1828 and 1835, he went around the world twice. In the interval between these voyages he married his cousin, Sarah Ann Platt, on June the 23d, 1830,

His first independent command was that of the "Lexington," at the beginning of the Mexican War. Among the officers he conveyed to the scene of action, by the long route around Cape Horn, were Tecumseh Sherman, Edward Ord and Henry W. Halleck, who later in life distinguished themselves as Civil War generals. On this voyage his nephew, Algernon Sidney Myers, accompanied Captain Bailey, as his secretary.

From 1853 to 1855 Captain Bailey commanded the U. S. S. "Saint Mary's", in the Pacific, being constantly in diplomatic negotiation with the South American countries and the Islands of the Pacific.

The best known incident of Admiral Bailey's career is connected with the taking of New Orleans, under Farragut, during the Civil War. He was second in command, but came near being left behind owing to an illness which the doctors reported would render it dangerous for him to exert himself. He refused to abide by their decision, however, and as his flagship, the "Colorado", drew too much water for the Mississippi at that place he accepted Captain Harrison's offer of the "Cayuga". On the night of April 24th, 1862, the little gunboat, practically unsupported, steamed off far ahead of the heavier and more awkward vessels, made its way up the river, escaping fire rafts, batteries and a flotilla of gunboats, being struck forty-two times. The other ships followed later, and on the 25th the fleet anchored in front of New Orleans. Captain Bailey and his Lieutenant, George H. Perkins, were landed from a small boat to demand the surrender of the city. Amid a murderous crowd, with pistols, knives and guns shaken in their faces, they walked calmly to the City Hall, feeling that each breath was in all probability their last, and interviewed Mayor Monroe and General Lovell.

For his distinguised bravery on this occasion he was given command of the Eastern Gulf Blockading

Squadron, where he proved exceptionally efficient, and interested himself in matters on shore as well as on sea. It happened that the church at Key West was Episcopal and had a loyal rector but secessionist vestrymen, who voted themselves in year by year. The Admiral hearing of this, assembled his officers (it being a free church, giving all who attended the right to vote) and marched them to the annual meeting the first Monday after Easter, to the great chagrin of the secessionists who had assembled to vote each other in. For that year the rector had a loyal vestry. In 1864 yellow fever visited the fleet with terrible mortality, and after a severe attack the admiral was transferred to the command of the Navy Yard at Portsmouth. His last years were passed in Washington, and he died February 10th, 1877. He had never known fear or favor, was just, generous, humorous and deservedly one of the most popular men in the service. He had five children; Anna, who married Walter R. T. Jones; Theodora; Sarah, who married T. Salter Tredick; Margaret; and Edmund Smith, who married first, Mary McKnight, and second, Susan Kirkland.

KATHARINE MIMMACK

My dear Miss Julian James:

I shall never forget that memorable morning, in the Autumn of 1905, when you drove up to the Bishop's House and told me that you would give the long desired Cathedral Land Mark, to which, for years, we had been so earnestly looking forward, — in memory of your revered mother and your dear departed ones.

I was so bewildered by this intelligence that I knew not how to thank you, for the giving of that Land Mark meant that you would assume and cancel the whole fifty thousand dollars of the last mortgage on the land.

When the news was announced in all the Churches of the Diocese, on Thanksgiving Day, 1905, the impression was profound. There was not only the joyous, thankful

Consciousness that this Cathedral land,
Now free from debt, could be consecrated
to God, but the deep consecration of the
Unselfishness of the Act.

While others are content to give stained
glass windows and other works of Art,
whose whole beauty and value can be
seen at a glance, your Memorial
Marking the generous payment
of a Church debt, simply and unostentatiously, met the greatest need of Washington
Cathedral, and therefore, its remembrance
will be ever striving, ever inspiring
the inspiration of noble motives: — a
gift to God which will create a
fresh benison upon every new generation.

The very shape that this Land Mark
has assumed, under your guidance
will enhance its benign influence.

Moulded into an Open Air Altar
Which it can be seen under the Gothic
Arches of the trees, and used for the
Most hallowed of all Services, the Sculptor
has wrought it in Chaste and Churchly
design; While the massive bronze
Sundial which covers the top and
marks none but the Cloudless hours
will be a perpetual reminder to all
Christians, that ~~though~~ "the Shadows
pass, the light remains".

The Altar-Cross in the Centre, is
also beautiful in its Symbolism.
And the manner in which, the Revd
Professor Bigelow, who is not only a
Valued Priest of the Church but a
distinguished Astronomer and
Meteorologist, has so Constructed it,
that the Shadow of the Cross of Christ
marks and falls upon Every Season

Of the Christian Year from Advent to All Saints-tide, makes this Sun Dial different from any other in the world.

Last but not least, a patriotic association is imparted to your memorial by the fact that the members of your family, whom it commemorates, were prominently associated, in Army and Navy ~~and~~ ~~[illegible]~~ as well as in other ways with the best and truest American life from Colonial days: as those "Who helped their time to take its Stand"

Believe me, My dear Mrs Julian James

Ever faithfully yours

Henry T. Satterlee

Bishop of Washington.

CATALOGUE

TO THE

CABINET OF HEIRLOOMS

AT THE

NATIONAL MUSEUM

WASHINGTON

THE MYERS-MASON COLLECTION.

A COLLECTION of historical costumes, ornaments of personal wear, and articles of the toilet, worn and used by the Bailey, Myers and Mason families from 1812 to 1900.

Costumes made in the United States, France, Spain and Porto Rico, and worn by Mrs. Sidney Mason, born Señorita Doña Maraquita Dorado, and her daughter, Mrs. Theodorus Bailey Myers, in Porto Rico.

Service to their country is represented by:

Court dress worn by Sidney Mason, United States Consul at San Juan, Porto Rico, 1820 1835.

Sword carried by Major Myers, United States Army, during campaign on the Niagara frontier, War of 1812.

Sword of Colonel Theodorus Bailey Myers, United States Volunteers—son of Major Myers—used during the Civil War, 1861 1865.

Sword of Lieutenant-Commander Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason, United States Navy; worn during active service, 1864 1894. He was the son of Colonel Theodorus Bailey Myers and a great-nephew of Commodore Theodorus Bailey, United States Navy, who under orders from Admiral Farragut, received the surrender of New Orleans, Louisiana, May 1, 1862.

Lent by MRS. THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS and her daughter, MRS. JULIAN-JAMES.

MAJOR M. MYERS

UNITED STATES ARMY

	No.
Sword, silver mounted, used during the War of 1812	2076
Shoe buckles	2032
Masonic relics:	
Jewel and red ribbon of Past Grand Master	243
Apron of Past Grand Master	244
Writing desk, mahogany, brass bound, used during the War of 1812	
White and gold plates, cup and saucer, a portion of a service of thirty covers belonging to Major Myers and to his wife, Charlotte Bailey	2063
Book, Reminiscences, 1782-1814	

THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS.

Service sword United States Army, used during the Civil War	2077
Signet ring, T. B. M. ornamented by mermaid	4533
Gold badge of Fire Commissioner and report of Fire Department	4486
Gold and black enameled sleeve links, T. B. M.	
New York Yacht Club buttons of the year 1852	4544
Staff buttons and eagles	2038
Purse with gold rings knit by his wife, Catalina Juliana Mason	2042
Bronze medal (in case) endowed by a fund contributed by James Gordon Bennett, Mr. Myers and Mr. Hone, Trustees	4487

	No.
Book plate of his collection of Americana	2036
Ring of the Honorable Theodorus Bailey, United States Senator, 1803, who was also first Postmaster of New York	246
Three section spy glass used at the battle of New Orleans by Captain Theodorus Bailey, United States Navy	4531
Book, History Set Right	4355

MRS. THEODORUS BAILY MYERS
NÉE CATALINA JULIANA MASON.

Silver pap-bowl (bread and milk)	4537
Mull dress	1986
Mittens	1988
Pearl fan	1989
High comb	1991
White veil	1992
Gold necklace, and	2046
Bracelets or sleeve links	2047
Pin containing hair of little brothers, Alphonso, Sidney.	
Sampler worked by Catalina when at school in Porto Rico.	2075
Drawn work made by her maid, Iona, a native of Porto Rico	2072
Crochet work by Iona	2075
Prayer book bound in blue velvet	
Gold enameled miniature watch, black case, marked with mermaid and letter M., gift from her father-in-law, Major Myers,	4384

	No.
Agate bracelet and locket	4356
Pin with the name of Cassie in diamonds, rubies, and sapphires,	4346
Silver bouquet holder, received from her husband with her wedding bouquet.	2052
Mosaic bracelet	2063
Gold thimble	2048
Light amber tortoise shell opera glasses, inlaid with gold	4354
Light tortoise shell comb with wings	4357
Light yellow shell lorgnette with monogram, brought for his mother by Commander Theodorus Bailey Myers Mason,	4364
Pair of gold earrings	4564
Tortoise shell ear trumpet and glasses combined.	4363
Gold chatelain bag with gold hook, containing handkerchief and card	4361
Gold card case	
Gold belt buckle	4360
Mosaic sleeve buttons	4366
India shawl	4368
India shawl	4369
India shawl	4372

The following articles are in a trunk not to be opened for fifty years

Parasol with tortoise shell handle, carved monogram "C. J. M." black lace cover	4373
Fan painted on parchment	2997
Chinese crape shawl	1998

	No.
Blue silk slippers embroidered by Mrs. Myers for her daughter in 1869	2066
Black satin slippers, rhinestone buckles	2008
Hair net interwoven with gilt crystals	2009
Crystal hair ornaments	2010
Gilt combs	
Lavender silk from part of Mrs. Myers' trousseau, 1847	1993
Mull tucker and sleeves	1994
Apron, green silk and black lace	1995
Silk dress, plum colored, made by Worth, of Paris, and worn 1870	2007
Gray satin and lace tea gown, worn 1905	4383
Black mittens, velvet wristlets	2079

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER
THEODORUS BAILEY MYERS MASON

Service sword, worn 1868 1886		2078
Christening robe		1999
Baby's bottle		2000
Baby's cap		2002
Baby's shirt		2003
Diamond pin, name "Theodorus," with his hair		
Hat band of the ship he loved, the "New York"		4347
Scarf pin, jade intaglio		4348
Two small silver fouled anchors		4539
One embroidered star	From his midshipman's uniform	4540
One gold cap cord		4541
One belt buckle and button		4542

CASSIE MASON MYERS JULIAN-JAMES

	No.
Christening robe worn in 1853	2005
Pearl and diamond necklace and locket, with miniature of Julian-James, in white velvet case, gold monogram "C. M. M." and date "1868"	4350
Silver cup, marked "Cassie Mason," from her uncle John Mason	4535
Scotch mull box	4532
Gold opera glasses, diamond monogram	4353
Gold and silver belt buckle with rhinestones	4380
Gold bracelets, onyx with diamond letters, given to Cassie by her mother, June 17, 1869	
Miniature watch, with bow-knot pin encrusted with diamonds	4349
Little gold thimble	
Roman fork	1987
India shawl, wedding gift of T. B. Myers to his daughter	4370
Parasol with ivory handle, on which is gold monogram "C. M. M.," black lace cover	4374
Chatelaine bag, glass beads, silver mounted	4376
Carved amber tortoise shell card case	4377
Chinese palanquin pin	4379
Long gloves	1908
White satin slippers and white silk stockings	2013 2014
White velvet bonnet, 1880	2016
Light tortoise shell crescent comb, brought from Japan by T. B. M. M. to his sister	4358

No.

Dress of lace work on pinia (pineapple) cloth made in Spain in duplicate of one made for and worn by Isabella 2nd, Queen of Spain; imported to Porto Rico for Mrs. Sidney Mason; worn in 1889 by her granddaughter, Mrs. Julian-James, in Washington, D. C.

Two beaded hand satchels worked by Mrs. Sidney Mason, 2d.

Dress of white watered silk, made by Worth, of Paris. Worn in 1870. The very old Rose Point de Venise with which the dress was trimmed, was willed by Mrs. Sidney Mason, 2d, to Mrs. Julian-James, who donated it, together with her mother's, Mrs. Theodorus Bailey Myers, wedding veil of white Chantilly and her own shawl of point lace applique, worn as her wedding veil, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York 2012

JULIAN JAMES,

SECOND LIEUTENANT COMPANY D, FIFTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL WARREN, UNITED STATES ARMY.

Naval night-glass used on his yacht, "Fire Fly" 4530

Ebony box 2021

Handkerchief 2022

Gloves 2023

Necktie 2024

Pair of sardonyx cuff buttons, mounted in gold monogram "J.J." cut on stone

His slipper when a baby 2026

SIDNEY MASON,

When Consul From The United States To Porto Rico, 1829.

	No.
Sword with mother of pearl inlaid handle	1959
Chapeau	1957
Coat	1956
Trousers	1955
Handkerchief	1958
Gold Watch with miniature of his wife, Mariquita Dorado (between the two cases which can be opened with point of pin). Mermaid engraved on case	4351
Watch, chain and locket, turquoise	
Gold watch chain with slides	
Ivory handled sword cane	1962
Gold single eye glass	
Stick pin, topaz and turquoise	2059
Gold mounted snuff box made from a rafter that supported the roof of the Hall of Independence, July 4, 1776. Presented to Sidney Mason by George Plitt.	
Apron of Master Mason	
Gold mounted purse	1961

MRS. SIDNEY MASON, 1st
NÉE MARIQUITA DORADO

	No.
Split wedding ring	
White satin ball dress embroidered in gold, from Porto Rico (when Miss Benito Dorado)	1964
Slippers and Stockings	1965 1966
Fan, pearl sticks and feathers	1967
Handkerchief	1968
Tortoise shell Spanish comb with gold	2054
Lace mantilla and gold pins	1971–2053
Opera glasses of gold, in case	1973
Ivory card case	
Gold chain, topaz cross	1975
Gold chain bracelet topaz	
Gold and topaz earrings and pin	2056
Thimble	2048
Gold belt buckle	

The following articles are in a trunk not to be opened for fifty years

Walking dress	1977
Silk embroidered stockings to match	1981
Parasol of white satin, embroidered	1983
Gold cross with hair	2062

ALPHONSO SIDNEY MASON.

Silver mug	4538
Child's suit of silver gray satin	1984
Ivory castinets used when dancing with his little sister Catalina	1990

DON JOSÉ DORADO AND HIS WIFE,

MOTHER AND FATHER OF MRS. SIDNEY MASON, 1ST

	No.
Cut glass pitcher and bowl	2055
Silver pitcher and bowl	11244
Carved cane	2165
Two foreign decorations, miniature cross of the Legion of Honor	4534
One Spanish scabbard	4535
Gold square single eye glass with long gold chain (strong enough, it is said, to hang a man) with gold slides	4352
String of carved jet beads	4359
Hair belt with silver clasp	2017
Carved cocoanut bowl	2071
Pin containing hair	4485

MRS. SIDNEY MASON, 2ND

NÉE CATHERINE GARTZ ROBB

Blue Bohemian cut glass vase engraved with portrait of Mrs. Sidney Mason.	
Red Bohemian cut glass vase engraved with portrait of Sidney Mason	2067

The following articles were given by Mrs. Mason to Mrs Julian-James

Gold Mandolin watch inlaid with pearls, with gold chain and little key in old case, said to have belonged to Marie Antoinette	4378
India shawl	4371

THEODORUS BAILEY,
UNITED STATES SENATOR.

Ring with hair and gold monogram.

THEODORUS BAILEY,
REAR ADMIRAL UNITED STATES NAVY.

Spy glass, in three sections.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 021 549 800 1